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## PERIODICAL LITERATURE:

### ITS PERILS AND ITS EXACTIONS.

Τί καινόν; "What's the news?" So said the Athenian gossip in the days of Thucydides; and so he still said in the days of St. Paul. In England we do not now use precisely the same form of words; we say, "Have you seen to-day's paper?" The occupation of the gossip is indeed gone. The verbal newsmonger is no more. The coffee-house and the barber's shop are sought as places for eating and drinking, and shaving, rather than as repositories of the last new bit of scandal, or the last new terrible rumour. No future Horace Walpole will chronicle the fleeting events of the political world, from sources of information exclusively his own. The little phrase, "Have you seen to-day's paper?" indicates a revolution in our modes of thought and vehicles of information, as remarkable as the marvellous change in the means of locomotion, which is now being rapidly consummated.

Observe, too, that we do not say, "Have you read?" but "Have you seen?" We must gather our information, as we perform our journeys, at race-horse speed. If the news is not to be caught up by a *glance*, it will be unheeded. A few minutes must suffice for the perusal or examination of a quantity of matter equal to that of an octavo volume. The morning's newspaper is actually stale by the evening. The toil of hundreds begins to lose its value by noon-day. That vast result of intellectual labour and complicated machinery, which is one of the wonders of the age, must be enjoyed over the breakfast-table, or during the first two or three hours spent in the counting-house, or its flavour will grow vapid, and stimulate the taste no more. We see the *Times* every day; but who reads it? We seize on its prominent points, devour a "leader" or two, look out for the last new letter from Lord John Russell or Dr. Hampden, skim through the foreign intelligence,

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run our eye down a column of advertisements, ascertain the state of the money-market; and all is done: "We have seen to-day's paper."

And what is true of the daily newspapers is more or less true of all our journals, and all our periodical literature. The reader must be shot flying, or he will escape the ablest marksman. The ideas that we present, and the style in which they are conveyed, must be adapted to that peculiar state of mind which cannot wait. Whoever would be listened to, must come prepared with a "view," ready cut and dried, which he must put into his hearer's head, just as it is, complete, unconnected with any other great subject, and apparently philosophical, practical, and tangible; and this "view" must be clothed in such words and phrases, set off with such a species of imagery, and recommended by such a terse, pointed vivacity, as may serve to quicken the attention of the most languid, and save the most indolent from the trouble of thinking for themselves. Otherwise the journalist will rarely be heard. If his writing cannot be taken in, comprehended, and digested in the space of a few hours, it is all up with his popularity. We have no time to linger and think. If a man cannot make his ideas intelligible at first sight, farewell all influence upon his fellows. He is set aside as a slow man, as a puzzle-headed thinker, or as a visionary transcendentalist.

All this has doubtless its own peculiar advantages; but it has, unquestionably, its perils also, and its positive evils. So far as our prevalent style of writing is a genuine product of the thought of the day, so far it is real, honest, and valuable; so far it is to be studied and employed by every one who would live the life of a man, and not of a mere antiquarian.

It is only when the demand for the ephemeral and the striking comes to generate a reckless, dashing species of English, or a perpetual craving after the pointed, the antithetical, and the bombastic, that it is to be repudiated by every honest-hearted and courageous writer. While it continues to be a true representative of the habits of mind of our own generation, it were worse than folly to dream of substituting for it the written or spoken language of any other period in our annals. Yet it is well to have our eyes open to its dangers, and to contrast it with the characteristics of the great writers and speakers of past days, not with a view of running a tilt against our own time, but in order to preserve ourselves from that degradation of thought and word, to which we are more or less impelled by the morbid activities of our time. A poet and essayist, of considerable vigour and originality, has lately expressed this contrast with so much truth and felicity, that we turn to his pages, for the sake of adopting his thoughts: "There was no writing public nor reading populace in the seventeenth century. The age was the worse for that, but the written style was the better. The writers were few and intellectual; and they addressed themselves to learned, or at least to studious and diligent readers. The structure of their

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language is in itself an evidence that they counted upon another frame of mind, and a different pace and speed in reading, from that which can alone be looked to by the writers of these days. Their books were not written to be snatched up, run through, talked over, and forgotten; and their diction, therefore, was not such as lent wings to haste and impatience, making every thing so clear, that he who ran or flew might read. Rather it was so constructed as to detain the reader over what was pregnant and profound; and compel him to that brooding and prolific posture of mind, by which, if he had wings, they might help him to some more genial and profitable employment, than that of running, like an ostrich, through a desert. . . . One of these writers' sentences is often in itself a work of art; having its strophes and anti-strophes, its winding changes and recalls, by which the reader, though conscious of plural voices, and running divisions of thought, is not, however, permitted to dissociate them from their mutual concert and dependency, but required, on the contrary, to give them entrance into his mind, opening it wide enough for the purpose, as one compacted and harmonious fabric. . . . In the present day," says the same author, "sense is to be taken in by so little at a time, that it matters not greatly what sound goes with it; or, at all events, one movement and one tune, which all the world understands, is as much as our sentence can make room for, or our reader will take time for; and as matter and style will ever react upon each other, I fear there is a tendency in our popular writers to stop short of that sort of matter, to which brief, bright sentences are not appropriate and all-sufficient."

Take, again, another illustration of the tendencies of our day towards the destruction of the best species of composition. From the day when the penny-post came into operation, the letter-writing of all England began to deteriorate. Who will write a letter, when it costs but a penny to transport it several hundred miles, and that penny is paid by the writer himself? The gay, elegant *papeterie* of the time is a token of the departure of the dear old habit of our forefathers, to which we owe some of the brightest gems of our lighter literature. All that goodly array of tinted paper, and fantastic envelopes, and dainty wafers, which every fresh month brings forth from De la Rue's manufactory, is the frothy food of an age of *notes*, when the long epistle of warm affection and constant friendship, and the lively or stately sheet of brilliant narrative or literary disquisition, is no more to be seen. No Cowper, or Gray, or Pope, or Montagu will enliven the libraries of our grandchildren; the life of the nineteenth century will be known from its periodicals, or scarcely known at all.

But if the writer of to-day must sparkle, or not shine at all; if he must be epigrammatic, or counted prosy; how hard is his fate, when it appears that he must diminish nought from the *quantity* of his production, but rather multiply it tenfold, to meet the appetite of a craving generation! Since men have cast aside books for periodicals, and thought for newspapers, they have been taught to require so large an amount of matter for a little outlay, that the poor brain-spinner is bewildered by the interminable demand. People ask for epigrams, and expect to have them in numbers till they equal an epic poem. A book of jests is expected to be as big as a book of sermons, and to cost only a quarter of the price. Witty and pointed sayings, and abstracts of philosophical systems, are called for in a profusion which baffles the most prolific. "How much is to be got for a shilling or two?" this is the question asked by those who think of buying; till publishers are at their

wits' end, and nothing less than a sale of tens of thousands can bring a tolerable remuneration to author and bookseller.

In our own case, and with the limited class of readers whom we may hope to please, this immense circulation is of course out of the question, nor is it possible to make a penny go quite so far as to purchase an ordinary shilling's worth. Yet probably few persons are aware of the *real quantity* of matter which is contained in our pages. The present No. of the RAMBLER, which is of an extra size,—but yet of that size to which we shall soon be permanently enlarged,—contains as much as about one-third of the contents of the great quarterly reviews, or of the common-sized octavo volume; and being sold at fourpence, while the ordinary price of the review is six shillings, and that of the octavo ten and sixpence, the RAMBLER now before the reader, as far as its matter is concerned, and taking quantity for quantity, costs exactly one-sixth of the cost of the review, and one-tenth of that of the octavo. How vast an amount of toil and meditation, how constant and wakeful an activity, how great a risk of money and of anxiety, such publications demand, not a syllable is needed to show.

We have often thought, indeed, that one of the strangest features in our singular age, is the excessive devotion of men of study and ability to periodical writing. Look, for instance, at the journals brought out in any single week in London. From the daily *Times* and *Chronicle* and their ephemeral compeers, to the weekly *Spectator*, *Examiner*, *Guardian*, and the whole host of gigantic Saturday and Sunday sheets, what an enormous amount of intellectual work is expended in their production; and what a very serious proportion of the most accomplished writers of the day are more or less occupied in this never-ceasing labour. Let a fair and impartial man but take the trouble to read carefully through the journals of one single week, and cull all the portions which are really clever, ingenious, learned, acute, or profound; let him make his selection from the leading-articles, the correspondence, the criticisms on books and on the fine-arts, and all the various essays that go to make up the overgrown whole; and in truth we may assert that the selection will shew an extent of knowledge, of wit, of genius, of tact, and of power, which it would be utterly impossible to parallel from similar sources in any other age of the world.

One other characteristic in this never-ebbing torrent let us also note, in justice to that public press, which alone in Europe is practically *free*. How little is there in all this tide of writing, which offends against the laws of decency and morality! Religious prejudice there is, indeed, offensive and absurd enough in its way; a low and earthly standard of right and wrong is all that the world in general can thoroughly comprehend; while a certain portion of the press is utterly vile and indefensible. Yet how wonderfully little is there which can fairly be called immoral or depraved! how little to shock the sensitive! how little to offend the reasonably scrupulous! And when it is remembered that this general measure of decency and propriety is maintained, in conjunction with a necessity for supplying a public appetite which is as voracious in seeking for quantity, as it is fastidious in respect of quality, it can hardly be denied that, with all our faults and follies, our vices and our personalities, the English heart of the present day has that within it which is acceptable in the sight of both God and man.

## THE DESTINIES OF THE INTELLECT.

"WHY should I cultivate my intellectual powers? Why not rest content with that moral culture which will ensure me eternal happiness, and fit me for the enjoyment of a heaven where nothing but what is pure can find entrance? Why all this labour and anxiety to improve my reasoning faculties, to attain acuteness of perception, accuracy of observation, correctness in argument, extensive knowledge, a delicate and refined taste? Why should I so much honour the imaginative and poetic powers of my fellow-creatures, and count myself happy when I can enter into their thoughts, and soar in their company beyond the cares and prosaic toils of daily life? Of what true profit is history, or mathematics, or metaphysics, or physical science, or poetry, or the fine arts? Can I not fulfil my destinies, and pass through this brief existence, unblamed by men, and acceptable to my Maker, and calmly enter the region of eternal joys, without harassing myself with study and intellectual pains, content to be of the number of those poor and ignorant ones who, though the lowest in the scale of worldly knowledge, and dull, unimaginative, and obtuse in all secular exercises of the mind, will yet, as a general rule, be found more worthy than those who have triumphed over all the difficulties of intellectual culture, and advanced to the utmost limits which the human intelligence can reach?"

Thus we cannot but sometimes say, in the recesses of our thoughts, when we find ourselves devoting our energies with a never-wearying resolution to the strengthening and purifying our reason, our taste, and our imagination, conscious though we be that the benefits resulting from this cultivation will apparently terminate at our death. No man can be involved in the cares and sorrows of life without feeling at times these depressing doubts as to the worth of his present studies. When he is labouring professedly for the benefit of others—here, indeed, is a reply to the question. But yet, if he is only toiling on for the sake of instructing and sharpening the intellects of his contemporaries and of posterity, the difficulty is only shifted, without being solved. Of what value is this laborious education of the reason to others, more than to himself? It would seem that it is far from being necessary to the enjoyment of the most exquisite happiness of which man is capable in his present state; for every one who can penetrate below the bare surface of things sees in a moment that it is in the exercise of the affections, rather than of the intellectual faculties, that our nature finds its constant, never-cloying delight and peace. Deep, corroding care; a restless dissatisfied spirit; a miserable, irritable, hateful pride; and general enmity against all men; these and other foes to happiness, too often are the companions of those who are foremost in the intellectual race; while wheresoever love and purity are found to dwell, there is quiet peace, and a satisfied, happy frame of thought and of feeling, even in the midst of the tumult of care, and business, and earthly sorrows. Why, then, this bold and energetic demand for the highest possible education of the natural powers of the mind? "If I choose to leave my intelligence uncultivated, conscious though I am of a certain inward capacity for great, noble, and sublime conceptions, who shall blame me? It is not a doctrine of the Christian revelation, as far as I have hitherto learned, that I should toil on to improve my logical acuteness, my feeling for art, my taste for poetry. Let me, then, contentedly do my plain duties to God and man, and be satisfied to continue in that ignorance and simplicity which are the unquestionable, irremediable destiny of the great majority of my race. There are cares and toils enough in life already: our bread must be earned, and our spiritual welfare secured; these two things alone are sufficient in the way of labour. Then are there not all the inevitable distresses of man to bear up against? My friends and kindred die; others are sick, and in poverty or disgrace; others are false and unkind; I have my own sicknesses to endure, and ten thousand little daily vexations to try my temper and mar my enjoyments. Let me, then, laugh and amuse myself in my own way, when there is not a plain call of duty to summon me to seriousness, and to energetic thought and

action. If I die at peace with God, all will be well; and my present ignorance will be no bar to my everlasting reward."

Of all those more noble minds to whom these questions may present themselves, either urged by the idle and unthinking, or suggested by their own secret meditations, there are but too many who are more or less disquieted by their apparent plausibility, and unable to meet them with a reply that shall fully satisfy their common sense, their religious convictions, and their lofty aims. The answer which is frequently given is something to this effect: that the acquisition of knowledge, and the fostering of our mental powers, is a pure and harmless occupation, when it does not interfere with evident duties; and that, though unquestionably of a somewhat noble character, it must submit to be counted as a species of relaxation and amusement, or as a lawful species of enjoyment for those whose circumstances permit its indulgence. It is at once assumed that education, when not directed especially to the improvement of the religious portion of our life, is essentially a thing of secular character and temporary value, which may elevate a man to the highest position among his fellows while he lives, but which can scarcely be said to have any connexion with his eternal destiny.

Yet is this really all that can be said? Is nothing more satisfactory to be urged in defence of the scholar and his occupations? Is it his vocation only to entertain himself, or benefit his fellow-men for a few years alone? Are his toils to be ranked with the labours of the mechanic, the manufacturer, and the merchant? Is it possible that one-half of the spiritual portion of our being is to share the fate of its corporeal dwelling; that the moral part of our nature alone commences its real existence in this life, while the intellect and the body together are so changed and created anew before entering another world, that they may be truly said then for the first time to fulfil the purpose of their creation? We know that our wisdom unquestionably consists in subduing the body and its senses to the dictates of the soul; and that whatsoever be our physical necessities and enjoyments in this life, they will exist no more in a new state of being. And can this be true of thought, of contemplation, of reason, of imagination, of our love for what is lofty, beautiful, and spiritual? Is our present intellectual existence as truly a debased life (in a certain sense) as our corporeal? That intellect which I am daily employing in the acquisition of the knowledge of the creations of the Almighty, in penetrating into the hidden laws of the universe, in searching after the eternal types of all true beauty and sublimity, and tracing their expression in the visible world around me;—that mysterious faculty, of whose existence I am as sure as I am of my bodily sensations, by which I am ever going forth into the boundless world in which I dwell, wandering hither and thither amid its shadowy kingdoms, feeling my way to a perception of its nature and its charms, and longing for the rising of some bright morning-star to reveal them to my entranced eyes;—that invisible intelligence, by which I contemplate the facts of my own being, and would fain trace the fountains of my knowledge to their sources, and then issuing outwards into the illimitable space in which I am placed, attempt to ascertain my own necessary relations to all that is around and above me, and to fathom the mysteries of time, and eternity, and number, and form, and essence, and matter, and spirit;—that spiritual ear of my soul, which listens for the echoes of the music of an unseen world, and strains to catch the chants of those who sing before the throne of the Eternal, and the whispers of that voice which in a moment could make clear all that is now dark and fearful;—that eye of the mind, which seeks to penetrate by gazing within the veil that separates the visible from the invisible, the temporal from the eternal:—this *godlike* intelligence, godlike still in its powers, though fallen from its pristine purity, does it indeed share the fate of the gross body which is its prison-house, and are all its present struggles, toils, and victories, no more than the trifling enjoyments of physical sense? Is there no foretaste of the occupations of heaven for *thought*, as there is assuredly a commencement of them for *love*?

Undoubtedly this is not so. The intelligent and studious man, who is conscious that "thought" in its more elevated forms is to him almost a necessary of his being, and who is at the same time habitually impressed with the intrinsic littleness of every thing that is not directly and immediately in connexion with what is eternal, may continue his work with the fullest conviction that the employment in which he is engaged is in itself immortal in its nature, and that he is but commencing those occupations of the intellect which it will be his never-ceasing reward to continue in a state of perfect moral and mental freedom. Provided only that we *think*, with the same subordination of our will to the Divine will which is our duty in all that regards the affections, we are as truly preparing ourselves intellectually for the sublime and satisfying meditations of heaven, as in cultivating every tender and pure emotion we are fitting our hearts for the abodes of everlasting love and innocence. The soul will pass into her eternal home with all her powers, deprived only of that which is sinful in their tendencies. Our whole being will find its final bliss in the presence of its Creator. The heart and the intellect alike will do homage to His Majesty, will occupy themselves with His perfections, and will attain the true end of their being in the exercise of their capacities in His immediate dwelling. There is not a faculty of the mind which is not capable of finding its fitting duties in a celestial life. A vague and groundless idea has more or less prevailed among us, that praise and love are so emphatically the characteristics of our future life, that they will exclude all other employments, and that any other occupation would be less welcome to the soul in its perfect happiness. Yet there is not the shadow of a reason for such an idea. It even contradicts itself; for there must be *thought* wherever there is spiritual love. The intellect of a creature is as truly called forth in its most lofty exercise, when in heaven it approaches the throne of the Almighty to pour forth its tribute of adoration and affection, as the heart is warmed with the glow of emotion. No thought, indeed, of which we are capable in this life is comparable to that which it will be our delight to employ in contemplation of the unveiled perfections of the Eternal. Even here we know of no intellectual operations so abstruse, so sublime, so exalted in all that is imaginative and poetic, as those to which we are called by the revealed mysteries of religion. The abstractions of mathematics, the subtleties of metaphysics, the gorgeous marvels of science and romance; not one of these demands so elevated or so profound an exercise of our intelligence, as those invisible realities which the doctrines of revelation present for our contemplation. Much more, then, when the cloud has dispersed, and the realms of the celestial land appear; when we are given to see the glories of a new heaven and a new earth, which are as truly the works of a Divine hand, and fashioned according to the laws of Infinite wisdom, as are the world and sky which now we are studying;—much more shall we, then, be called upon to put forth every capacity of our perfected souls, in the comprehension and admiration of that universe of wonder and of beauty.

It is common, indeed, to contrast our present ignorance with our future knowledge to such an extent, as to lead one to suppose that the acquisition of knowledge and the exercise of the reasoning powers will form no portion of our eternal employments. Yet what authority have we for any such conception? All we know is, that our life will be one of perfect and eternal blessedness, that we shall behold the Almighty without a veil, and love Him with a pure and perfect love. But has He taught us in detail what will be the precise nature of the occupations in which He will employ us? Is there any thing contrary to probability in the supposition that the study of His works in the new world, infinite as they are, will be one of the joys of an existence itself eternal? If here we derive so strange and sweet a pleasure from the very act of reasoning, and from the discovery of truth, why need we suppose that a similar delight will not accompany a similar labour hereafter? There is nothing in this intellectual exercise and satisfaction which is now incompatible with a state of the most exalted

sanctity; why, then, need it be incompatible with the bliss and holiness of a saint in heaven? What a pleasure the mind often enjoys as it dives into the mysteries of number, and space, and form, in the pursuit of the abstract sciences! and is it not conceivable,—is it not even probable,—that the same mysteries may retain their charm for the perfected intelligence, in a life where the same realities will exist? Why should we suppose that while the bare thought of *truth*, and the knowledge of *facts*, are gratifying to our minds upon earth, there should be no truths in the new heavens, no facts in the new earth, which it will be our joy to study and to know through all eternity?

Such, also, are the sensations we derive from whatever is most beautiful to the eye and ear in this world. While our organs of sense will be purified and spiritualised in order to their admittance into a state where there is nothing that is *sensual*, those mental faculties to which our sight and hearing now minister will remain, and will seek their satisfaction in the visible and audible charms of a home, compared to whose beauties and melodies our fairest scenes are as a desert, our sweetest strains as harshest discord. Who could bear to think that those mysterious sentiments which thrill through or lull the soul, when we contemplate what is most sublime or lovely around us, are not foretastes of some similar mental gratifications in a state more adequate to the yearnings of our spirits? Who has not experienced a certain indescribable feeling of melancholy and sadness, when he has been most powerfully impressed with the glories of the world now visible, and has not been convinced thereby that the delight he now feels will hereafter be continued, in tenfold sweetness, and unalloyed by any of that mournful consciousness of impotence and disappointment which mingles with our loftiest conceptions and our most imaginative joys?

Nor are such hopes delusive. We were not formed to appreciate beauty for nothing, or merely as the creatures of a transitory life. That boundless source of pleasure which we derive from meditation upon the charms of the earth and sky, from the planet to the garden flower, from the ocean in its storms to the brook that ripples through the wood, from the forest and the mountain to the quiet nook in the tiniest landscape; that touching charm which we perceive in the human countenance and form, in the eye, the smile, the animated look of those we love or admire; that grace and nobility which we trace in the works of art, in the solemn cathedral, in the sculptured ruin, in the breathing marble, in the speaking picture; that magical effect that is wrought in us by the sounds of music, whispering of other worlds, and hidden truths, and unknown beauties, which even a note or a chord can at times awake within our breasts;—all these are not so much the types and promises of the enjoyments of a more perfect being, as they are the pledge and commencement of the pure spiritual gratifications upon which we shall enter, when the splendours and the melodies of the eternal world break upon our purified senses. Revelation itself gives us no details, or dogmatic accounts of those employments that are to come. Yet it speaks of the coming world in terms and under figures which arouse the liveliest anticipations of those who are gifted with the faculty of appreciating the charms of earth, and yet are acutely sensible of the hindrances to true enjoyment which the condition and facts of mortality are ever placing in its way. That new Jerusalem, whose foundations, and walls, and gates are resplendent with gold and jewellery; that nightless splendour of its never-setting sun, and all that we read of the rainbow, the golden harp, the radiant crown, the anthem of praise; surely all this bespeaks a world in which there will be enjoyments for the spiritualised senses, of which our present emotions are but the faintest reflections.

Thus, therefore, we reason with ourselves, and with others, when the whole question of intellectual cultivation is brought under discussion. Thus it is, that not only as mere scholars and men of refinement, but as Christians, we prosecute our own studies, and urge upon all classes about us the highest degree of education which their circumstances may admit of. We cannot forget

that the labourer at his plough, and the mechanic at his loom, is gifted with an intelligence which is destined for eternal occupations of the most exalted character; and that whatever may be the precise connexion between the cultivation of that intellect here, and its future development and privileges, still, undoubtedly, we are commencing, as a matter of fact, the contemplations of eternity, when we train that reason and that imagination by exercising them on the loftiest subjects on which they can now be employed. To what extent there may be differences in intellectual powers hereafter we know not; nor are we taught to what extent, or whether to any extent at all, the cultivation of the reasoning and imaginative faculties on earth may be a discipline preparatory to their development in heaven; these things are unfathomable mysteries, or at best, matters for speculation; but of one thing we may satisfy ourselves, that the more we elevate ourselves and our fellow-men above the lower, though harmless, enjoyments of this life, and teach them to think, to reason, to contemplate, to admire, to wander forth into the realms of poetry, of art, of knowledge, and of science, the more worthily are they living of the natural end for which they were created, the more complete is the assimilation of their life in this world to their life in the world yet to come. There is neither pure religion nor profound philosophy in condemning the poor man to perpetual ignorance, even though this ignorance be not accompanied by any moral turpitude. As an heir of immortality, his powers of thought, as well as his capacity for loving God and man, demand our cultivation. The day is coming when that humble and unformed intelligence, which now can scarcely raise itself beyond the acquisition of a few elements of trivial knowledge, and whose conceptions are limited to the dull tangible facts of a cottage or a factory, will be called to enter upon the contemplation of the glories of a regenerated universe, and to adore the attributes of Him whose works are but the expression of His own incomprehensible perfections. So far, then, as in our own minds, or in those with whom we are connected, we can, even in the lowest degree, anticipate these coming transcendent privileges, so far are we pursuing a course worthy of our destinies as immortals, and in conformity with the dictates of that religion which gives us our hopes of immortality.

How great and noble, also, does the vocation and employment of the enlightened scholar appear, when regarded from this point of view! Next to him who is the instrument of the moral renewal of his species, is he whom natural qualifications and circumstances unite to call to the especial culture of the faculties of the mind. If only he is gifted with that true wisdom which enables him to perceive the relative value of time and eternity, and to appreciate moral worth and the revelation of divine truth as the first of all blessings; then he is placed in a post of honour which kings might envy, and the wealthiest of men might purchase with their choicest treasures. While the majority of mankind are busied with affairs which can but last for a brief space, and whose value, such as it is, is derived from temporary necessities and temporary desires; to him it is given to foster that special work which commences now, only to be developed and perfected throughout unlimited ages. He is training his faculties, and those of his friends and followers, for the most sublime of duties. Trifling though his present work may at times appear, and intimately connected with what is worthless, yet so far as it is a work of *thought*, so far is it redolent of the perfume of a celestial toil. From the first study of the elements of knowledge and truth; from the most minute observations upon the peculiarities of mankind, the first steps in abstract calculations in mathematics and metaphysics; from the infant's earliest effort at the culture of the imagination and the taste; all has a direct influence on the improvement of those capacities which thus begin upon trifles, only to terminate in the knowledge and adoration of the Eternal. The delighted smile of the innocent child, with which it makes known its gratification at the sight of an apparently worthless print, or tries its wakening powers in comprehending the imagery or the thoughts of a little hymn, or an infantine tale;—these are, in

truth, the elements of the work of eternity; they are the young signs of life in that mysterious intelligence which has been called into being for the very purpose that it may be devoted to the contemplation of its Creator's attributes and glories. And to whomsoever the task is allotted to aid especially in this mental training, to him has been granted the noblest of toils, the most pure of duties, save only that which regards the purification of the mind from moral evil. From the gentle affectionate mother, who watches and guides the earliest indications of thought and fancy in her child, to the most profound of philosophers, on whose lips a world of thinkers hang, they are all engaged in this illustrious work.

It cannot, therefore, be thought that, except in very peculiar circumstances, it is a matter of indifference whether or not we do our best to train our natural talents, or suffer them to lie buried in the earth of a trivial and thoughtless round of inanities. Those who *can* think and study are bound to do so, when Providence permits it. The power of thought was not given us to be abused or neglected, any more than the rest of our gifts. Our intellect was formed for the purpose of being employed in the investigation of all that is true and lovely; and we have no more right to omit that cultivation of its powers, which will enable us to attain this noble end, than we have to pass by the common duties of daily life, under the absurd pretext that we prefer mental study to the drudgery of business. If we are not bound to work in one way, we are bound to it in another. Sloth, listlessness, self-indulgence, are abominations in His sight, who made us what we are, that we might fulfil a glorious destiny. An endless round of dissipation, of empty talk, of worthless schemes for killing time; a careless, reckless disregard of the current of our ideas; an acquiescence in intellectual torpor; all these are vile and disgraceful in those to whom natural incapacity, or the necessities of life, do not forbid much intellectual cultivation.

In connexion, however, with this whole subject, so many striking thoughts are suggested, from whatever point of view it is contemplated, that we shall take an early occasion of recurring to it, in order to develop, as far as may be in our power, its practical bearing both upon religious and secular studies.

### Continental Sketches.

#### MERAN AND THE TYROL.

MY DEAR —. I have been anxiously expecting a letter from you, and none has come. I am beginning to fear it has miscarried, which will be a great loss to me in these wild parts, for an English newspaper never reaches us by any chance. I more than suspect that the government will not admit our liberal politics into their country, particularly at this moment, when almost every journal is loud in condemning the interference of Austria with our Holy Father. However, there may be a sufficient reason why your letter should be delayed, for we are only just relieved from a heavy thunder-storm which hung about us, and was always coming and going for three whole days. For the last two, indeed, it did nothing more than threaten us, but on the first day it sent down a deluge of water which carried away, in places, our only two roads of communication with the world polite, sweeping away whole vineyards, walls and all, rolling down large masses of rock, and depositing a complete bed of soil upon the way for several hundred yards. This is, unhappily, of no rare occurrence, and scarcely a winter passes without some destruction of life and property from the same cause.

But I must try and give you some idea of this most interesting country, and of its people, who are more interesting still. Not but what I quite despair of saying any thing by way of description which will enable you to see in imagination what we see every day with our bodily eyes; every thing is so very unlike the world that you and I have lived in, and, in point of religion and morality, so far above it. However, I will make the attempt, not as if I were writing a book of travels, or sketching the manners of the Tyrolese, but telling you, in a desultory way, such things as have come under

my personal observation, and have concurred in producing a definite impression on my mind. Meran, at which we are staying, and which, as perhaps you know, was anciently the capital of the country, and the chief hereditary property of the counts of Tyrol, and consequently a place of estimation and importance in the middle ages, is now a little quiet town, and has but one street, properly so called, which is remarkable for the covered vaulted footways on both sides, which here, as well as at Botzen, are called the *lauben* or arcades. The neighbourhood, though very wild and striking, is rather picturesque than grand; and, generally, I may say, the scenery of the Tyrol, to those who have seen Switzerland, would be considered wanting in sublimity. But to me the whole aspect of the country is so entirely new that I admire it very much. The town lies in a basin, with hills rising close about it, covered with trees, and dotted with villages, churches, castles, and ruined towers; on one side it is bounded by an abrupt, perpendicular rock, surmounted by what was once a strong stone fort. Towards Botzen the valley widens, and the scenery proportionably improves in character, and certainly has a claim to be considered really beautiful. What the scenery of the Tyrol usually wants, is that extended openness of view, that variety of combination and perspective, which, more than the grandeur of particular objects, is the especial charm of Switzerland. The mountains are generally too close and regular, which gives a feeling of confinement and gloom. Nearer to Meran a part of the low ground is occupied by a marshy flat, through which the Adige runs. This is as unhealthy as it is unsightly. It does not do to ascend the hills for the purpose of a fine view; the charm is gone; you can scarcely credit your own eyes; nothing is to be seen but a dreary valley, with a heap of low houses huddled in a corner, and a naked height beyond. The green slopes and the wooded hills are themselves the beauty of the landscape, and, at such an elevation, are either too near, or too far off and too obscure, to be seen to advantage. The view retreats into itself, and so is self-absorbed. Still, placed as it is at the point where three valleys meet, Meran is singularly pleasing. Though its particular features taken by themselves are not supremely beautiful, the general expression of the whole is really captivating; and we feel that it will long hold a lively place in our recollections.

The two most striking characteristics of the place, next after its mountains, are its waters and its vines. The latter are very abundant and very beautiful; every spot of ground is covered with them, every plot and nook of earth, every shelf of rock. If you have seen but the vines of the Rhine, you can have little idea of the beauty of the southern tribes; many a time a day I say, "How beautiful!" They trail them overhead in the little narrow lanes, over the pathways, over the winding mountain-walks. What can be more beautiful than that graceful leafy canopy overhead, with its clustering fruit, and curling tendrils screening you from the sun, and charming all your senses with its delicious summery fragrance? The country, here and there, is all one vineyard, yet it never tires you: the peasants train their vines over the walls of their houses and over the porticoes of their doors, and what in England would be a potato or a cabbage-garden is full of the bright green vine and the purpling grape. So abundant is the vintage that wine is very plentiful and very cheap; indeed it gets cheaper every year, for they have no market for it, as the King of Bavaria has forbidden its importation into his dominions. The consequence is, that intoxication, though by no means a general vice, is more common than it used to be. At the time when the grapes are ripe, which is early in September, the place is thronged with invalids, who come with the hope of checking the inroads of consumption by eating largely of the juicy fruit. It is said to have extraordinary purifying and restorative properties, and visitors, we are told, will begin with a pound of grapes a day, and go on to twelve. In fact, they live upon grapes; and the grape-cure is famous throughout Austria and other parts of Germany.

The second most striking feature of the place is its torrent-river, the Passayer, which is incessantly rushing along, tumbling, foaming, boiling; on it goes, and never

tires. It is a wild, impetuous thing, and you never get really to love it, though you could stand and look at it for hours together. Probably one reason why it inspires you with this fearful interest, is your knowledge of the tremendous havoc it has caused in times gone by. Seven times have its irruptions all but destroyed the town; and, in the beginning of the 19th century, the original city, almost upon the site of which Meran is built, was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain which drove the waters out of their accustomed bed. A dyke of massive masonry has been recently constructed for the protection of the town, the wall of which, planted with poplars, serves as a terrace-walk and place of promenade. This giant-stream—in the summer often little more than a racing, brawling brook—is fed by innumerable lesser streams and torrents which come down the hills, and are themselves replenished by the melting snows. Indeed, water gushes every where; you will find yourself over shoes and soaked through and through in a moment, if you don't take heed, for it is ever leaping out at you from some unexpected corner, or gliding stealthily under your feet and all around you before you are aware of it. Fountains rise out of what look like the stumps of old trees; streams run in conduits over your head; you go to step on a grassy wall, and find it a covert waterfall. This constant supply of water keeps the vine-plants ever fresh, and the grass most beautifully green. To give you an instance to shew how the country is, as it were, one vast reservoir of water: the other day we followed a pretty, narrow path, which, winding up a hill, under vines and orchard-trees, took us to a quiet rural village, then led us out upon a lofty terrace which overlooked the town and all the country round, yet not so high as to destroy the perspective of the scene below; then passing through a long dark viaduct cut in the hill, and up a steep rocky way, with gardens below, and hay, and vines, and corn reaching far above you, where you would think it impossible for cocks of hay or sheaves of wheat to stand, brought us to the old schloss which was once the castle of the Counts of Tyrol. They shew you the bed-room—now very unlike a lady's bower—of Margaret Maultasch, the last of her race, by whose alliance with the house of Austria, and subsequent bequeathment of her possessions to the same line, the territory of the Tyrol became incorporated with the Austrian dominions. The chapel is very old, and the door was rudely sculptured with the quaintest symbols and devices, such as the cleverest antiquarian would find very difficult to decipher. On returning, we found the waters had been let out upon our path, and that our road now lay through the bed of a gentle torrent, which went gurgling merrily down the hill. The donkeys—for some of the party were thus mounted—made their way pleasantly enough; but the pedestrians were fain to mount on the high side of the slope, and wade through a meadow of long, dewy grass.

These walks are very pleasant: commonly they take you through some quiet village, with its curious old church, its churchyard gay with shining metal crosses, which serve as gravestones and memorials of the dead; and on each is to be seen the little holy-water stoup, and the little votive tablet rude and quaint, the drawing of some artist of the place, representing children praying for their parents, or parents for their children, often wonderfully numerous; and here and there, where the mounds look freshest, a newly-woven garland, or some newly-gathered flowers, lying on the grave: and on the church itself, and on the walls about, the awful crucifix, and other holy images and symbols, pictures and frescoes, which, strange as they mostly are in execution, are, to my mind at least, never ludicrous: you smile at them as you would at the designs of simple children, and often they deeply touch your heart, and make you wish you were as simple and as innocent as they. There are no gates or stiles, but fences of low stone walls, with easy steppings jutting out. Walks branch out in all directions through the vineyards, or under the leafy walnut-trees, where you may have shade from the heat, and a running stream for a companion, if you will. As you go, many a crucifix by the way will summon you to lift your hat; and you will be often tempted aside to look into the little covered shrines, at the rude fresco, or the wooden image of our Lady,

or some patron saint. When you think you have wandered beyond the limits of habitation or cultivation, you will spy a pleasant sunny nook within the angle of a rock, with two or three dozen vines planted just to complete the picturesque; and perched on some gaunt crag, a schloss, or a peasant's cottage, with the broad-leaved fig-tree spreading over the porch. We are always saying the place is like a picture, or a scene in a theatre; the mountains often look as if they were of paste-board,—the air is so light, and their outlines rise so dark against the sky,—and a peasant-boy, or a peasant-girl, will make their appearance as from some side-scene. This is particularly the case just as the evening begins to fall.

The people are very cheerful and simple. They have little idea of the separation of classes, and will come and talk to you, and ask all sorts of questions—that is of those who can answer them. It amuses them to find you do not understand them, which, as their German is none of the purest, is not uncommon; and they will laugh so joyously, and stand and laugh with you, and look into your face with a sort of gratified affection. They are very respectful, nevertheless, in their manner, and it is not uncommon for the women and children to come up to you gently and kiss your hand. The men generally touch their hats as they pass, or take them off. I am particularly struck with the mutual respect which they shew to one another, consisting not in any mere conventional formality, but in a habit of genuine courtesy and obligingness. There is evidently a great deal of real brotherly kindness among them: the greetings which you see exchanged along the road are such as one member of a large united family would pay another, varying with the age and character of the individual. There is a considerable degree of boisterousness sometimes, and my impression at first was, that they were quarrelsome and violent, but a sight of their good-humoured animated faces quickly undeceived me; they were merely taking advantage of the occasion, to be as sociable and jolly as they could, and were all talking together, bantering and joking with each other; every one trying to be best heard above the general din. You seldom see the sullen surly countenance, or the fretful anxious expression, so common in our own country: the Tyrolese peasant is conspicuous for his frank and manly bearing, and his look of happy independence. Amongst the mass of the people, there is, as I have said, little difference of rank, and less recognition of it practically: if a man be reduced in circumstances, he does not, therefore, sink into a lower grade; he will take to some manual labour, or become the driver of a *stellwagen*, and retain his old connexions and consideration in society. The usual aristocracy of the towns, who, generally speaking, are a very *modernised* class of people, are the government officials; these labour to maintain a distinct existence, and to keep themselves as separate as possible from the mass by their dress and habits. In the matter of education, however, there is no distinction; all are educated together: and it not uncommonly happens that at the distribution of prizes, which takes place periodically, the child of the peasant is preferred before one of the exclusive class. We ourselves were present at such a distribution, at which the smartly-dressed daughter of the burgomaster figured among a crowd of servant-girls, and little lasses in red hose. The nobles live at Innspruck, the capital of *young Tyrol*, or about the court, and belong to quite another sphere: gentry there are none. The law of primogeniture does not prevail here, so that the land is parcelled out among the children of the soil, and there are as many proprietors as there are people. Another cause which gives to the Tyrolese their look of intelligence and superiority is their universal education. The law enjoins, and provides for, the education of every individual: every child must go to school for so many years, I believe till he is twelve, and must produce a certificate of having attained a certain proficiency, before he can enjoy any of the privileges of a denizen, or even be permitted to enter into the marriage state. The whole population of the country, therefore, can read at the very least; and they would seem to be a studious people. The women take their books to church for the purpose of religious meditation, and these

are works of the highest order, *e. g.* the devotional writings of St. Liguori.

But that which most of all creates in the people of the Tyrol that lofty and really dignified character, so admired by travellers, is their religiousness and devotion. But before I give you instances of this, I must try and make you better acquainted with them personally, and in their homes. The ground-floor of their houses is not inhabited, but serves as a place for stores or lumber. The access into the interior is generally under a low archway, through what is more like a vault than an entrance-passage, or by a flight of steps, of wood or stone, which lands you on a sort of balcony. The lower entrance is common to man and beast; and sometimes the inner stairs themselves—and this is the case especially with the inns—look as if they were more trodden by horses, pigs, and chickens, than by human beings. In one particular the Tyrol has disappointed us, and that is in its cleanliness. Exceptions there are, of course; but generally speaking the dwellings of the Tyrolese are internally neither neat nor sweet. Externally, indeed, they are more than usually inviting, having often gaily-painted window-frames, and nicely whitewashed walls, decorated with frescoes; in the matter of linen, too, as well as in their own persons, they are scrupulously clean. But there is an unwholesomeness about their habitations, which is very disagreeable, as if they were damp, out of repair, ill-drained, and never thoroughly washed and cleaned. One thing which gives them an unpleasant odour, is the kind of fuel which they burn, the smoke of which seems to have penetrated, and almost saturated, the materials of their dwellings. I fear, too, you would be disgusted with their cookery, particularly in the remoter parts, except that you would be gradually prepared for this, as day by day you advanced beyond the beaten track of English travellers; and besides, as they give you of their best, and treat you with the hospitable welcome of a friend, you would easily put up with much to be disliked, and not find it in your heart to complain or be dissatisfied.

The reception you meet with in the inns is certainly very pleasing; not that there is any officious attention to your wants, or the least appearance of desire to benefit by your *custom*, but, what is far more gratifying and winning, a genuine and disinterested anxiety to entertain you as a guest, who needs their kindness and commands their respect. To wish you a good appetite as you commence your repast, and a good digestion at its close, is only the common civility of the country. The queen of the establishment is the *Kellnerinn*—generally a cheerful, active damsel, trimly yet modestly attired, under whose directions all the business of the house proceeds: she carries the symbols of her office at her waist, on one side a bunch of keys, on the other a large leathern purse. Though I am bound to say that the first specimen we saw of these important personages was not a pleasing one, for she was noisy of speech, and of an imperious spirit, and apparently more occupied with herself than with her guests—this was at Landek, where three frequented roads converge, and perhaps the traffic of the world had spoilt her—yet as a class we found them very prepossessing. I shall not soon forget the healthy smiling maidens who did us the honours of the house at a little inn at Brixen. Gloomy dark was the entrance-vault that led to their domains; we literally had to grope our way up stairs, though it was but the early evening; every thing was of the homeliest character, and the rooms were old and dusty; but the first sight of the rosy face that welcomed us so sweetly, in a moment changed the colour of our fate. Her two attendants, though of a meaner sort, were almost as engaging; I never saw more real obligingness of manner; and the natural grace and modest dignity of their demeanour had a charm in it which more than compensated for the uncomfatableness of our lodgment. Uncomfortable we were most certainly: at four o'clock next morning we had to start by the *stellwagen*, and were anxious, therefore, to make the most of the intervening hours: no sooner, however, had I lain down, than up struck a merry guitar in the room beneath; a manly voice performed a prelude with a song, and then commenced the dancing:—and such dancing! it was

not the noiseless gliding movement with which gentlemen and ladies content themselves; it was a downright *toeing* and *heeling* operation, with clapping of hands beating time to the tune. Sleep, rest, was impossible: when the dancing paused, singing succeeded, with the everlasting twang of the guitar. To complete the excitement, tribes of little creatures, enlivened by the general agitation, began to exercise themselves in evolutions over me, which, however exhilarating to themselves, were any thing but gratifying to their victim. When the gentle *kellnerinn* re-appeared at the early hour of three o'clock, she looked as fresh and blythe as ever, and was as cheerful and obliging, though, as she confessed, she had had little more than three hours sleep. The dance passed off with the greatest order and propriety; we heard the guests repeating their "good night" as they left the house, and talking quietly as they separated to their respective homes; there were no angry voices, no boisterous laughter, no disturbance in the streets. Perhaps they stood in awe of the huge wild figure, with clotted hair, and club in hand, that stood above the gate: for he was very fierce and very grim.

The clergy set their faces against these dancing-meetings, as productive of evil consequences, and doubtless they know best; deplorable, indeed, would any amusement be, which tended to destroy, or to disturb, the innocent and respectful intimacy that now subsists between the two sexes in the Tyrol. Nothing is more remarkable to a stranger's eyes than this; nothing more beautiful. It is this which makes one love to look at them under the *lauben* in the evening hour, under the rich embowering vine, on the winding mountain-path, and by the rushing stream. Groups of men are constantly to be seen standing in the streets, particularly on Sundays and holydays. The women and young girls pass quietly about among them, or mix in conversation; and I have never perceived the slightest impropriety or levity of manner; on the contrary, every thing gives sign of mutual respect and confidence. The young people treat each other like brothers and sisters in a family. Among the crowds that congregate in the streets, and the parties you meet upon the hills or in the fields, it is very rare to see a face betokening insolence and rudeness, and I have never chanced to witness but one act approaching to incivility since our arrival. You feel disposed at once to trust them as a generous, honest, moral people; the animal in their nature is so subdued and chastened down.

The men are decidedly handsome—the Meranese particularly so; though those who have seen and admire the Italian countenance would not call them beautiful; and their faces are not disguised by a profusion of beard and moustache, as is the case in other parts of Germany. They are strongly built, and in stature a little above the middle height. I have been most struck with the young men and boys; the expression of their countenances is so singularly pure and mild, without any mixture of insipidity or weakness; there is a delicacy of feature and a nobility about them which is much to be admired. I wish you could see our sacristan—a fine young man, with a most engaging countenance, reminding you of one of Fouqué's heroes; he is constantly busied about the church, and his movements are as full of reverence as of grace. Whether in his peasant-dress, or robe of office, he is equally a subject for a painter. Can any form of beauty be more perfect than that of youth and manly vigour combined with purity and devotion! We saw a little boy on the hills one day, when we went to hunt out a waterfall, who looked as if he had dropped from heaven, or stepped from out one of Raphael's paintings. I never saw so beautiful a child, with sweet light eyes, and long dark lashes. The dress of the Meranese men is very picturesque: a short coat of coarse brown cloth faced with bright scarlet; a sort of under-vest, also of scarlet, with green braces passing over it; short black leather breeches, fastened below the knee, between which and the stocking is always visible an interval of rough sunburnt flesh; a slit is cut in their thigh, from which protrudes the handle of a short knife, sheathed; round their waist goes a broad black leather belt, prettily embroidered in white with their initials, the date of

its construction, and other devices; their braces are embroidered too, as you may clearly see on the hottest days, when their coats are left at home; and on their head a black felt-hat, or rather bonnet, with a low crown, and a very broad round brim, which they decorate on Sundays most tastefully with flowers. Their artistic skill in this respect is perfect; it is (to use a lady's phrase) one of the prettiest things in the world. The little boys are a miniature edition of their elders; the only difference being, that the patch below the knee is not so brown as yet. The women, though not in their degree as handsome as the men, are very engaging in their looks, and strongly excite your interest and admiration. Their features are good, and their faces smooth and ruddy; there is no appearance of hard work or care about them; and they look as if they were well supplied with all the necessities of life, though Indian corn is the common food of the country, and little meat is eaten; but from girlhood they become exceedingly embrowned by the burning sun, and, through carrying heavy burdens, are inclined to stoop. This inclination is made to look much greater than it really is, by their very unbecoming mode of dress, which narrows their back into a hunch; and the preponderance of sleeve (frilled at the elbows), of quite another colour, raises, or seems to raise, their shoulders out of all proportion. Their petticoats, too, are thickly quilted, and very numerous, varying (we were told) from five to ten. No wonder, too, that they get so scorched by the sun, when, all during the summer heats, they wear neither bonnet, nor cap, nor veil; even the elderly women keep their heads uncovered. The aged only wear a head-gear like a bee-hive; while old ladies of distinction appear in the sort of hat which you see stuck up as a sign and a prodigy over some of the London shops, so very high, and big, and wide, and carry on wet days full-blown pink umbrellas; sometimes, too, they astonish all beholders with a stately cap, adorned with rich ancestral lace. But talking of hats, the rarest thing of all is the spreading, bright pea-green affair which some of the peasants from the hills make their appearance in on gala-days; it looks as if it was made of some broad plantain-leaf or vegetable substance. I believe it is connected with some religious privilege, as it is worn only by those who assist in the public processions. The most ornamental part of the women's dress is their hair, which is kept scrupulously clean and bright, drawn back from the forehead, and arranged in a plait behind, with an arrow running through. The poorest go about on common days, as do the little boys and girls, with naked feet, but on Sundays all appear in red stockings and low broad-pointed shoes. But for all their poverty, their unbecoming dress, and ordinary looks, the women of the Tyrol have a grace and beauty truly feminine; their faces, like their whole demeanour, are so expressive of humility, placidity of heart, and modest self-possession, they look so pure and good, so recollected, and so capable of endurance. You never hear a woman laughing immoderately, or speaking in a loud or angry tone. How I wish you could see them kneeling in rows in the churches, all dressed alike, so meekly, so devoutly, their lips gently moving, their heads slightly raised, and the rosary gliding through their fingers! They will kneel for a very long time upon the hard stone-floor, undistracted and untired.

How struck you would be with the sight which our church presents on Sundays. Very early in the morning the altar is thronged with communicants; and groups are kneeling round the confessionals, waiting their turn with the priest, so that a constant succession of communions is kept up, with masses intervening, several going on at the same time, though the high altar is the only one at which the Blessed Sacrament is given. There is a quiet animation in the scene which is cheering and impressive; the people look so busy at their religious work. But eight o'clock is the hour at which the church is fullest; then all collect together to hear the sermon; the Capuchin is preaching, with his fine manly countenance, his shaven crown, and long brown beard; his dress is brown also, there is a cord about his waist, and his feet are bare. The women and children cluster by the altar; the men stand so

thick, you could walk upon their heads, and are so attentive, that you might almost do it without their knowing it. Are they not a noble race, and does not their picturesque costume become them? To see them standing, rosary in hand, young and old, praying to the "Mother Most Pure," is a glorious sight. Down on their knees they go, not only within the walls of the church, but in the enclosure, and the streets outside, whenever the bell informs them of the Elevation. They are fond of crowding together at a particular corner, and talking in knots in the open space; but in a moment they are silent, and down they go, when the bell rings within the church. They are certainly a very religious people; and I only hope intercourse with other parts will not spoil them: exemplary as they still are, they are said to be much deteriorated since the French invasion.

I have not spoken of the music. It is good of its kind, but never of a very ecclesiastical order. At vespers the clergy, within the sanctuary, say their office in a voice which is inaudible in the body of the church; while the choir up above sings two or three verses of each psalm, with numerous repetitions of the words, to light florid music, accompanied by the organ and several violins. Inappropriate as I think it, the tune is generally very pretty; the one I like best is a sort of variation of the popular English air, "They marched through the town with their banners so gay!" Women sing in the choir; but I am happy to say we have no solos, male or feminine. The absence of chanting, however, is disappointing, I confess, to us English Catholics. Except when reciting the rosary, the people here never let their voices be heard; there is no congregational singing, either of hymns or litanies. Even when the choir attempts one of the latter, both words and melody are so disguised that it is with difficulty you recognise them. Here you find neither the universal singing of other parts of Germany, nor the demonstrative devotion of the Belgians: the Tyrolese idea of worship is simple placid contemplation and silent prayer. How wonderfully does holy Church suit all tastes, satisfy all hearts, fill all capacities, and knit together all the varieties of individual natures in the unity of one body—in the self-consistency of one moral being. What perfect liberty, restrained within the limits of perfect harmony!

The habits of the people here are very primitive and simple, and their shops original and curious; the fronts are all open to the street, and the interior shews a strange assortment of all sorts of ware. There is very little eagerness in trade; ten to one but that you know what they have to sell better than they do themselves; and if you go at an inconvenient hour, you will have to call again: there are two straw bonnets in the town, and they are preserved with care under a glass-case, which every body knows of. The dinner-hour is eleven o'clock; the fashionables dine at twelve. The post takes its ease like every thing else, and is not to be put out of its way. If you go to pay for a letter, you will probably find the postmaster gone to mass, or to his dinner: as one of our party humorously observed, it is indeed a *poste restante*, for not only do letters lie there everlastingly, but the official himself has his bed in a corner of the office. The "angelus" rings at three o'clock; all the place is astir by four; then a big bell rings out, and another succeeds at a quarter past; the first mass commences at the half hour, so that if you wish to see a church filled with worshippers, you must be there almost at break of day. I am now more accustomed to these constant bells, but at first they were great tyrants: the only sensible, as it is the only effectual, course is to live like your neighbours: all the serious affairs of life are over before mid-day. At six o'clock in the evening the rosary is recited, and benediction given; between eight and nine, if you walk through the town and round the outskirts, you will hear the whole population at their prayers, and not unfrequently see a family, men and boys and all, kneeling on the floor of their houses, with their windows open towards the church—the sacred tabernacle of the God made Man. At nine the watchman calls the hour, and his words are partly a chant of prayer and praise, "Pray for us, holy Mother of God; praised

be the Lord Jesus Christ." This latter sentence is still a form of greeting with which the stranger is saluted in the hills and valleys; and I have myself heard a driver on the road bid adieu to his companion in the name of our Blessed Saviour. Whenever the "angelus" rings, as it always does at twelve, and usually at seven, you may see the people cross themselves, and the men take off their hats; the more devout will kneel; and it is common to see a whole company stop in the midst of their conversation, and repeat the usual prayer.

Christianity is here the great reality of daily life: the very aspect of the country, and the habits of the people, are one continual confession of faith in an Incarnate God and a Crucified Saviour. Every thing you see reminds you of what you are, and whither you are going; the world invisible half shews itself, the world to come is almost present. The crucifix is every where—by the roadside, at distances, and where two ways meet, in the paths through vineyards, in every house, every cottage, almost every chamber, in the guest-rooms of the inns; and never a man knowingly passes it without obeisance. The walls of the houses are commonly adorned with sacred frescoes; and scarcely a garden or a vineyard but is dedicated to the Mother and the Child. St. John Nepomucen presides over almost every bridge: the patron saint of each particular parish is conspicuously honoured by image or by picture, always religiously, and sometimes not inelegantly, wrought: numerous little shrines along the road invite the wayfarer to contemplate some sacred mystery, or to say a *Pater* and an *Ave* for some pious end; and you may often see one kneeling on the stone steps or wooden ledges. Besides the crucifix, the cross with the instruments of the Passion is raised on high; and more than once I saw a stream of water gushing as from the opened side of our Redeemer. But these designs are so varied and so frequent that I cannot enumerate them all; some are very curious and striking. What a stranger would think the most curious of all, are the tablets, nailed to posts, or fixed to rocks, intended to commemorate the loss of life by lightning, accident, or other cause, as well as hairbreadth escapes and wonderful deliverances: the events are represented, with all the details, in the oddest manner possible. The stations of the cross are very general, erected on some quiet hill, leading to a little chapel at the top; there many a meditative pilgrim may be seen climbing the ascent, and resting as he goes. The figures are mostly very rudely carved, and as works of art are worthless; but I never so deeply realised one awful circumstance in the sufferings of our Lord as when I saw it represented at Caldaro, in the stations there; it made one tremble, it pierced one's very heart. There are many pilgrimage-churches, which the people frequent for certain objects, or on certain festivals. One near here is the Chapel of the Visitation; it stands in a little peaceful vale among the mountains which close it in: we went there on the day, and a sweet day it was, and the walk in itself most delightful; many groups of peasants were returning, and others arrived after us; the altar was decked with flowers, branches of trees adorned the humble porch, and many lights, the pious offerings of simple hearts, flamed and guttered among the flowers and rustic ornaments. We sung a litany ere we left, in which our donkey-boy and others who were present joined.

The decorations of the churches, though often very curious, are never ludicrous, religiously considered; they may amuse you in one part of your mind, yet in another they inspire you with a very different feeling: you admire the simple faith and warm devotion of a people who give to God the best they have, and do the utmost they know how to do to sanctify his house and all belonging to him. The church is the home of the Tyrolese; his heart is there, his happiest hours are spent before its altars, they are endeared to him by the deepest, holiest affections of his soul. Does any special mercy visit him, does any special woe befall him, he labours to evince his gratitude or his contrition by such simple tokens as piety suggests, or custom recommends; hence that profusion of little votive

tablets and waxen figures with which the walls are covered, and the numerous images and pictures that every where meet your eye. Many of the latter, however, are far from being wanting in artistic beauty, and some which I have seen are remarkably effective; I may instance the figure of our Lady standing under the cross, in the great church of Meran, and the crucifix in the private chapel of the Capuchin convent. This last is as perfect in conception as it is in execution; I never saw any thing which so wonderfully expressed the mysterious agony, both bodily and mental, of the Divine Person in his human nature. Many of the churches are exceedingly pretty, the ceilings and the walls tastefully adorned with frescoes, and the seats and pavement in thoroughly good repair. Their number is very great; scarcely a hamlet of half-a-dozen houses but has its little green-tiled spire rising in the midst. There are several in this place, and many in the neighbourhood; and, what I never saw before, the bodies of martyrs lie open to view in cases of glass, each with his saintly crown, and by his side the insignia of his state or office. To many, little chantries are attached, where mass is offered for the dead, the interior of which is often of a singularly awful character.

I have now said enough to convey to you a general notion of the aspect of the country, and the peculiarities of the people: your imagination will supply the rest; it cannot easily exceed reality. One or two incidents, however, will set the scene in motion, and give it life and colour. But these must be postponed for the present.

E. H. T.

#### THE LATE DR. CROTCH.

ONE of England's most eminent musicians has been gathered to his fathers, namely Dr. Crotch, who died on the 29th of December, at the residence of his son, the Rev. W. R. Crotch, master of the grammar-school at Taunton, aged 72. At the very early age of three years he performed several pieces on the organ in a most extraordinary manner; some of the passages being produced by his knuckles tumbling over the keys. He possessed a most acute ear, and could name any note struck on the pianoforte without seeing it. In the course of time Crotch became a very profound theorist, and at the age of 22 (just 50 years ago) he was appointed Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, which conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Music. In 1822 Dr. Crotch was appointed principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Dr. Crotch was born at Norwich, in 1775; for some time past he resided at Taunton. Although his dissolution was not unexpected, and he was fully prepared for it, yet it was awfully sudden, for it took place while surrounded by the family at dinner.

Dr. Crotch was a fertile and able writer, with more talent than genius, and more good taste than originality. He wrote a vast number of pieces for the organ and pianoforte; and several good anthems and secular motetts. Among the latter, the most celebrated were his ode for five voices, "Mona on Snowdon calls;" and the charming composition, "Methinks I hear the full celestial quire." Of his two oratorios, "Palestine" and the "Captivity of Judah," the latter never became popular, though it is by no means without merit. "Palestine" has many beauties and fine ideas; but Crotch too often failed in working out his conceptions with sufficient ease and spirit. He always began well, but the hearer was generally tired before each piece was ended. One quartett, however, in "Palestine," "Lo, star-led chiefs," has deservedly taken its place in the recognised standard music of the age.

His playing was of the old school; correct and steady in the highest degree, so as almost to produce the effect of a most perfect piece of machinery; yet perhaps wanting in variety and pathos. His arrangements from Handel are liked by some good judges; but to our taste they are overcrowded with notes, which bewilder the ear and destroy all clearness and unity. His volumes of Specimens of Music of all ages are found in every complete musical library. We fear he has not left his equal as a sacred composer in England.

#### RIGHT HON. RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, M.P.

FROM a clever and interesting paper in *Dolman's Magazine* for this month we compress the following sketch of the most remarkable living Irish orator, and one of the most brilliant speakers of the present House of Commons.

Mr. Sheil was born near Waterford, in or about 1790. He was sent at an early age to a school kept by a branch of the Jesuits at Kensington; and on the breaking up of the establishment, retired to Stonyhurst, where he remained until he entered Trinity College, Dublin. His reminiscences of his gifted and amiable preceptors, of their mode of life, and admirable system of education, were ably portrayed some years after in the *New Monthly Magazine*, under the appellation of "Recollections of the Jesuits." His first dramatic production was a tragedy called *Adelaide*, which was well received; and then followed *Bellamira*, *The Apostate*, and *Evadne*, in which the celebrated Miss O'Neill sustained the principal characters. Mr. Sheil's connexions and family are highly respectable. He is a near relative of Mr. Wyse, who is the head of one of the most ancient Catholic families in Ireland; and became connected by marriage with others of the principal Catholic gentry of the country. In 1810, the question of the "Veto" produced a disastrous dissension amongst the Catholic body, and continued for a long period to excite the bitterest animosities between the people and the aristocracy. A large majority of the latter espoused the cause of the British minister; and were unhappily strengthened in their adhesion by the opinions of several of the Catholic prelates, who saw no danger to the independence of the Irish Church by giving a "veto" on the nomination of bishops to a Protestant sovereign. But the good sense and determination of the country finally prevailed, and the matter was abandoned.

Mr. Sheil took part with his own class; and, young as he then was, distinguished himself by the bitterness and eloquence of his invectives against Mr. O'Connell, who advocated the rejection of the measure. He was called to the Irish bar in 1814, and absented himself altogether from Catholic meetings until 1823; when, as he and Mr. O'Connell were on a visit to a mutual friend in the county of Wicklow, the project of the Catholic Association was discussed, and finally carried into execution. His career at the bar was successful; but not perhaps as eminently so as his friends and admirers may have been led to expect. As counsel at *Nisi Prius*, or on Circuit, he was in the first rank, and far excelled those whose creed or political opinions gave them advantages from which he was debarred; but he seems to have had a strong distaste for the dry details of courts of equity.

In the course of the session of 1825, committees of inquiry were appointed by both houses, and the principal members of the Irish hierarchy examined, whose evidence, particularly that of Dr. Doyle, dispelled many prejudices in England. Mr. Sheil too was examined—and indeed almost every Catholic of note or respectability in Ireland. He also employed himself at intervals at this time in writing articles for *L'Etoile*—a French newspaper which caused a great panic in English councils—and in the beginning of July returned to Ireland. Then it was that his series of invectives against the Duke of York commenced. Smarting under the bitter effects of disappointed hope—keenly sensible of the insult which had been given him and his creed, unnecessarily and wantonly, by a personage whose station alone gave him any weight—he attributed the rejection of the Catholic claims to the unconstitutional conduct of this misguided prince, and treated him accordingly. His speeches were denounced by the London press as very little short of high treason against the royal family.

The speeches in 1825, in reference to the Duke of York, yet rankled, it was said, in the heart of the highest personage in the realm, and orders were given, at his instance, to arrest Mr. Sheil on the first opportunity. Nor did the law-officers of the crown in Ireland await long in suspense. In the beginning of 1827, a remarkable work, published in America, well known as *Wolfe Tone's Memoirs*, written by his son, made its way into this country, and on the 2nd of February, Mr. Sheil delivered a speech in reference to it, at the Corn Exchange, for which he was arrested on the following day.\*

\* The following is the principal passage of that speech for which he was indicted: "It is impossible for any man to read the details of Tone's expedition, without feeling that the country was saved by a kind of miracle. The country, however, may be placed a second time in the same peril; and a second miracle may not be performed. Providence may become wearied of this reiterated interposition; and if 15,000 Frenchmen, with 100,000 stand of arms, were to land in Ireland, gracious God! what would befall every one of us? They may call this sedition, menace, treason, or what they like—I care little what they call it—provided they can be induced to think on it. . . . I am not—I protest to heaven I am not—speaking thus, either from hatred to my political superiors, or in order to excite the passions of that community to which I belong. I speak thus with an honest solicitude to induce men to consider the really perilous state in which we are placed. They sleep in a disastrous security. The somnambulist treads the brink of a precipice: he receives a shock in awakening him; but it is mercy to seize and drag him from the gulf."

It was truly a time of peril and excitement. The commission of *Oyer and Terminer* opened in Dublin on Saturday, the 17th of the same month; and bills were found against Mr. Sheil on the 19th. A long argument ensued, in which Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Perrin supported the right of their client to *traverse in prox.*, and were opposed by the attorney-general, the solicitor-general—afterwards Chief Baron Joy—and Mr. Greene; but the court decided in favour of the application, and Mr. Sheil accordingly escaped for that time.

The Duke of York died in January 1827, and that event was followed, in the same year, by the illness of Lord Liverpool, and the elevation of Mr. Canning to the office of premier. That change saved Mr. Sheil; for the prosecution against him was abandoned. 1828 came, and with it the accession to office of the Duke of Wellington: Mr. Canning's death, and the dissolution of the government over which Lord Goderich presided, brought about that event. The Clare election followed; and the ministry, bewildered by that unexpected triumph, a rumour found its way abroad that the Catholic question was about to be settled.

On the 24th of October, 1828, a great meeting was summoned together by Sir T. M. Wilson, high-sheriff of Kent, pursuant to a requisition presented to him for that purpose. It took place on Penenden Heath; where the platform was erected like an immense hustings, a number of waggons were ranged on each side, filled with country squires, tenant farmers, and people from Maidstone and Rochester. The right of the chair was appropriated to the Brunswickers, and the left to Lord Darnley, who possessed considerable property in the county, Lord Radnor, and others, who espoused the cause of civil and religious liberty. Cobbett and Hunt were there, and a great number of the clergy of the established Church.

The high-sheriff opened the proceedings by a short speech, and then followed Lord Camden, lieutenant of the county. Next came Lord Winchelsea. This is a man whose appearance when I first saw him I can never forget. He was a stout, handsome-looking, bluff, red-cheeked gentleman, whose manner was characterised by a restlessness of attitude and demeanour that was irresistibly droll. There is one feature about him which can never fail to strike the beholder,—and that is, his thorough earnestness of manner, and vehemence of voice and gesture. As he came forward on this occasion, those to the right vociferated their greetings by various hallooings against popery; women waved their handkerchiefs, and little urchins tossed their caps in the air; the inanimate waggons seemed as if put in motion by an invisible enthusiasm, and the very horses attached to them to wag their heads, as if expressing satisfaction at the appearance of the noble lord! But all parties were for a moment disappointed; for at the same instant from the opposite side started up one whose brilliant eye first rested on the sheriff, and then looked abroad with ill-concealed scorn on the heaving mass, whom he scanned with a daring and fearless look. His hand was erect, his black hair, blown by the wind, uncovered a lofty forehead, surmounting a face and features dark and small in the outline, but denoting the existence of the highest intellectual powers. As his low, slight figure almost expanded with uncontrolled emotion, he essayed to address the chair, but there arose such a roar of voices, such a hoarse bellying from the crowd, like the rumbling thunder which we are told precedes a volcanic eruption, that his voice was drowned in the general confusion. Once more the figure stood erect, the hand was again elevated, the brilliant eye assumed more than its wonted defiance as it rested on the countless throng, agitated by hate and bigotry; once more he turned to the sheriff, but finding no response from that quarter, resumed his place on the waggon. The roar of the multitude gradually became less and less, until the angry passions so suddenly evoked calmed down to a hoarse whispering murmur, and then died away. Again the noble lord presented himself, and commenced his oration. He denounced the ministers; and invoked all the powers of earth and heaven to aid him in his struggle against popery.

The figure I have described again rose, and with him an English Catholic gentleman named Shea. The high-sheriff was appealed to; but before he had time to pronounce an opinion, the uproar recommenced, and was increased by an exclamation given in a sharp, shrill tone, which rung over the heath, and above the horrid din prevailing in this Babel of "confusion worse confounded." "I am an Irishman," said the figure; and again he looked abroad with a flushed cheek and a determined brow, and again was he received with violent exclamations of disapprobation, until the sense of hearing became painfully oppressed with the tumult and confusion.

It was Mr. Sheil. "I am an Irishman," he repeated; and there was found one beside him, a pretended friend of his country and cause, to exclaim, "The death-bed of the Duke of York is not so soon forgotten that you should speak here." That was Lord Darnley. He was an advocate of emancipation; but on this occasion was actuated by a desire to show his power

and influence, as well as to damage the popularity of Lord Winchelsea, his political rival. The confusion and uproar still continued with unmitigated fury, but produced no effect on the determination of Mr. Sheil. He stood before that deeply excited multitude unawed and undismayed, surveying the effects of the storm he had evoked in that living mass, among whom he had scarcely one friend.

"I am a freeholder of the county," shrieked Mr. Sheil, "and have as much right to speak here as the noblest,"—and the sentence was lost in the hootings, and scoffings, and revilings which followed. "Is this fair play?" he continued; "is this English—is this justice?" "Off, Sheil! off, off, off! We are not Clare freeholders," they answered, with execrations. "See how the viper spits!" they said, as Mr. Sheil continued his address. These and a variety of other expressions of hate assailed him on every side, amid such a storm of groans and hisses and jeers that it was impossible what he said could be heard even by himself. "My religion is vilified," he shouted; "my country is assailed; will you not hear me?" "No, no, no; turn him off; down with the traitor!" was the roaring response, but the object of their detestation was not to be put down. "Will you not hear me," he exclaimed, "before you condemn?" and to the usual answer, he replied, "You must; you shall."

This put the climax to their fury. They shook their hands at him, hissed and hooted, and insulted him by every species of opprobrious expression, and every description of insulting mockery: in front, to the right, to the left, on the elevations forming the amphitheatre on which that popular gathering were huddled together, as far as the eye could reach, where a form could stand, or a human face lift itself above the countless throng, he might in vain have looked for a friend, or a solitary cheer to urge him on. But he cared not; and as the angry cries of men, women, and children ascended and rang over the plain; as the cries of "Down with him, and down with popery!" were heard on every side, he turned to the multitude with one of his peculiar, sardonic grins, with an expression of mingled contempt and scorn, and again shouted, "You must; you shall; I bid you defiance!"

And he bid them defiance, and he continued his harangue, although not a word of what he uttered could be heard. "See," he said, "to what a conclusion you must arrive when you denounce the advocates of emancipation as enemies of the country. How will your anathema read? It will take in one half of Westminster Abbey; and is not the very dust into which the tongues and hearts of Pitt, and Burke, and Fox have mouldered better than the living hearts and tongues of those who have survived them? If you were to try the question by the authorities of the illustrious dead, and by those voices which may be said to come from the grave, how would you determine? If, instead of counting votes in St. Stephen's chapel, you were to count monuments in the mausoleum beside it, how would the division of the great departed stand? Enter the aisles which contain the ashes of your greatest legislators, and ask yourselves as you pass, how they felt and spoke when they had utterance and emotion in that senate where they are heard no more? Write emancipator on the tomb of every advocate, and its counter epitaph on that of every opponent to the peace of Ireland, and shall we not have a majority of sepulchres in our favour?"

This beautiful passage, so eloquent in its appeal to the virtues, and greatness, and opinions of the illustrious dead; so pathetic in the emotions it was calculated to bring forth; so just in its conclusions, was lost on the excited multitude. The remainder of his address shared a similar fate; but he had gained his object: the speech was for the reading people of England; and the London papers of the same evening sent it to every part of the empire.\* For nearly two hours did he brave the fury of this vast assemblage; standing on a waggon, he confronted them—he flung his defiance at them; and when he had concluded his oration, retired from a scene where few in his situation would have ventured to appear.

The business of the meeting concluded shortly after by the adoption of a petition against Catholic Emancipation; and after the performance of the national anthem, the crowd dispersed.

The remainder of Mr. Sheil's political life is easily told; because it is familiar to all. After the passing of the Relief Bill he was honoured with a silk gown; but he may be said to have retired from the profession. His career as a senator then commenced; nor did he often mix himself in the Irish agitation which followed. During the great struggle for reform in parliament, he took an active, and as usual, an eloquent, part, as member of Milbourne Port, an English borough, and for Louth in Ireland. He was subsequently returned for Tipperary; and sat in the last parliament for Dungarvan, for which

\* I am aware it has been said that this speech was never spoken; but that is a mistake. It was delivered under the circumstances and in the scene I have described; and a copy given to a reporter from the *Sun* newspaper, when the speaker had concluded.

he was also returned at the late general election, after a severe contest. This opposition has, I believe, given him great pain. In 1838 Lord Melbourne appointed him one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital,—a curious office for him, by the bye,—and a Privy Councillor; in 1839 he was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade; and, subsequently, Judge Advocate-General, which office he vacated with the retirement of his friends in 1841. On their restoration last year he was made Master of the Mint, with a salary of 2,000*l.* a-year, which he still holds. He seldom now speaks in the House of Commons; indeed, the only occasion since his appointment when he did so, was, in pronouncing a beautifully pathetic and eloquent eulogium on his illustrious friend and associate, after his death in Genoa.

### Poetry.

#### ON HEARING A NIGHTINGALE SING IN THE DAYTIME.

SWEET bird! enchantress of the earth,  
Born in the world's young prime;  
The only bird of Eden-birth  
Left to this latter time.

Why on the silly laughing Day  
Thy golden voice expend?  
To lonely Night belongs thy lay;  
Save thee she has no friend.

The Day, it has a thousand songs  
Of leaf, and bud, and bee;  
The merry bell to the Day belongs;  
The Night, it has but thee.

Then for sad solitary Night  
Reserve thy tender lay;  
And she to thee for this delight  
Full many thanks will pay.

Listening, all still o'er vale and hill,  
While from some copse-wood tree,  
Thou with charmed trill the air dost fill,  
Blending all things in thee.

L.

### Reviews.

*Our Street.* By Michael Angelo Titmarsh (Thackeray).  
London, Chapman and Hall.

It is curious and amusing to look back some twenty or five-and-twenty years, and note the series of comic writers who have successively had the ear of the public. We remember when there was nobody like Theodore Hook, so witty, so clever, so lively, so full of good puns and sayings. Whether he sneered at the "Clapham Saints" (as he called them) in the *John Bull*, or attacked Queen Caroline and Alderman Wood, or showed-up the "unknown lands" of Bloomsbury, every body read Theodore Hook's "Sayings," even when they most disapproved of his "Doings." Then came Thomas Hood, a punster *par excellence*; one to whom all nature presented a series of odd associations and queer rhymes; but withal gifted with a sense of the pathetic and sentimental, which would have raised him to a high rank among our minor poets, had the fates allowed a decent money-profit upon pathos and sentiment. Every one laughed at Hood's jokes and pictures, while some of them censured his occasional profaneness, and his most offensive fondness for making a jest of every thing that related to *death*.

After a while, Hood and the *Comic Annual* gave way to Dickens and the *Pickwick Papers*. The world, that loves fun, was tired of Hook's heartlessness, and Hood's everlasting punning; and took cordially to the heartiness and good humour, the life-like caricatures, and the melodramatic horrors of "Boz." The little green monthly parts, each with its constant figure of Mr. Pickwick in tights, gaiters, and spectacles, circulated by tens of thousands; and there are many people who, like ourselves, to this day look upon the *Pickwick Papers* as one of the few books that are too short.

Then *Punch* appeared upon the scene. At first people thought a *London Charivari* would be a heavy sort of an affair, little like its lively Parisian prototype. Some folks said *Punch* was vulgar, others personal, others political, others clumsy; nevertheless *Punch* was bought, and read, and laughed at, and still is bought,

and read, and laughed at, to an extent, we believe, unprecedented in the history of comic periodicals. With an occasional disfigurement, chiefly in the way of personal attacks, whose origin has in some cases never been satisfactorily justified, *Punch* has worked hard on the side of truth and morality, of freedom and of the poor.

One of *Punch*'s chief supporters is now, however, running him a little hard in the race of popularity. Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh is becoming the comic lion of the day. The *Edinburgh Review* has given an article on his genius. It is said that a late Cabinet Minister (a Prime Minister, we believe) invited him to his house as "the first humorist of the age." And, in spite of *Dombey and Son*, Titmarsh promises to be the author for the next year or two. He is a good-humoured, sharp, keen-eyed, cockneyfied writer, with a ready pen, and a still readier pencil. In some respects he is a kind of revived Theodore Hook, being given very much to portray the follies and make-shifts of various classes of society, while he unquestionably possesses a far greater variety of idea, and has little or none of that odious cold-heartedness which gave so unpleasant a tone to almost every thing that Hook ever wrote. Titmarsh's great fault lies in what we must think an essential vulgarity of sentiment. He has no thought for any thing that is not visible, tangible, eatable. He laughs at snobs, but, as in his *Eastern Tour*, he sees every thing more or less with a snobbish eye; he is at home when he paints their follies and pretensions, but when he would introduce any thing that is great, pure, or elevating to the heart, there is a perpetual tendency to see what is ludicrous in its associations or circumstances, which savours of the genuine Londoner, of that school which we by no means desire to see common. In this respect he is very different from Mr. Dickens, who, with all his keen appreciation for the good things of this life, has no fondness for connecting what is absurd with what the best and noblest of mankind deem exalted or sacred.

*Our Street* is, to our taste, a better Christmas gift than *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* of last year. It is more varied, and has more character; the illustrations are better sketched; and it is free from that spirit of sneering against a certain class of people, which Mr. Thackeray learnt from Theodore Hook. Pretension, vulgarity, and the aping the ways and manners of the rich and fashionable, are offensive enough in every grade; but we think there is a tendency to make the most of the follies of the middle class in this way, far too common with writers of the Titmarsh school. *Our Street*, indeed, has little of it, and the book altogether is full of fun, and not without its wisdom. We give an amusing sketch of one of those devotees of "high art," who may be seen prowling hither and thither, beard on chin and cigar in mouth, in sundry second-rate streets near the Piazza di Spagna in Rome:—

"The great rooms in our street, which were occupied as the salons of the noble Levant, the coffee-rooms of the Pocomurante (a club where the play was furious, I am told), and the board-room and manager's-room of the West Diddlesex, are tenanted now by a couple of artists: young Pinkney, the miniaturist, and George Rumbold, the historical painter. Miss Rumbold, his sister, lives with him, by the way; but with that young lady of course we have nothing to do.

"I knew both these gentlemen at Rome, when George wore a velvet doublet and a beard down to his chest, and used to talk about high art at the Café Greco. How it smelled of smoke, that velveteen doublet of his, with which his stringy red beard was likewise perfumed! It was in his studio that I had the honour to be introduced to his sister, the fair Miss Clara; she had a large casque, with a red horse-hair plume (I thought it had been a wisp of her brother's beard at first), and held a tin-headed spear in her hand, representing a Roman warrior in the great picture of Caractacus, George was painting—a piece sixty-four feet by eighteen. The Roman warrior blushed to be discovered in that attitude: the tin-headed spear trembled in the whitest arm in the world. So she put it down, and taking off the helmet also, went and sat in a far corner of the studio, mending George's stockings; whilst we smoked a couple of pipes, and talked about Raphael being a good deal overrated.

"I think he is; and I have never disguised my opinion about the 'Transfiguration.' And all the time we talked, there were Clara's eyes looking lucidly out from the dark corner in

which she was sitting, working away at the stockings. The lucky fellow! They were in a dreadful state of bad repair when she came out to him at Rome, after the death of their father, the Rev. Miles Rumbold.

"George, while at Rome, painted 'Caractacus,' a picture of 'Non Angli sed Angeli,' of course; a picture of 'Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage,' seventy-two feet by forty-eight; (an idea of the gigantic size and Michael-Angelesque proportions of this picture may be formed, when I state that the mere muffin, of which the outcast king is spoiling the baking, is two feet three in diameter;) and the deaths of Socrates, of Remus, and of the Christians under Nero respectively. I shall never forget how lovely Clara looked in white muslin, giving herself up to a ferocious Carnifex (for which Bob Gaunter the architect sat), and refusing to listen to the mild suggestions of an insinuating Flamen, which character was a gross caricature of myself.

"None of George's pictures sold. He has enough to tapestry Trafalgar Square. He has painted, since he came back to England, 'The Flaying of Marsyas,' 'The Smothering of the Little Boys in the Tower,' 'A Plague-Scene during the Great Pestilence,' 'Ugolino on the Seventh Day after he was deprived of his Victuals,' &c. For although these pictures have great merit, and the writhings of Marsyas, the convulsions of the little prince, the look of agony of St. Lawrence on the gridiron, &c., are quite true to nature, yet the subjects somehow are not true to nature; and if he hadn't a small patrimony, my friend George would starve."

#### GERMAN CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

1. *Deutscher Jugend-Kalender für 1848, herausgegeben von Hugo Bürkner.* [The German Juvenile Almanac for 1848. Edited by Hugh Bürkner.] 4to. Leipsig, 1848.
2. *Schön Röslein. Ein Märchen erzählt von Guido Görres, gezeichnet von Franz Graf von Pocci.* [Fair Rose. A Tale; by Guido Görres, illustrated by Count Francis Pocci.] 4to. Munich; London, Williams and Norgate.
3. *Der Zaubergarten: Märchen für grosse und kleine Kinder, von Heinrich Smidt.* [The Enchanted Garden; Stories for Big and Little Children. By Henry Smidt.] 8vo. Berlin.
4. *Hedwig's liebste Puppe, ein Lese- und Bilder-buch für kleine artige Mädchen, von Moritz Thieme.* [Hedwig's Favourite Doll; a Book of Stories and Pictures for Good Little Girls. By Maurice Thieme.] Berlin.
5. *Fest-Kalender in Bildern und Liedern geistlich und weltlich von F. G. v. Pocci, Guido Görres, und ihren Freunden.* [A Festal Kalendar in Poetry and Pictures, Sacred and Profane. By Count Francis Pocci, Guido Görres, and their friends.] 4to. Munich.
6. *Kinder-Märchen, von den Brüdern Grimm.* [Children's Tales, by the Brothers Grimm.] 8vo. Berlin.
7. *Geschichten und Lieder mit Bildern, von Franz Pocci.* [Tales and Poetical Pieces, with Illustrations; by Francis Pocci.] 3 vols. 4to. Munich.

A VERY curious, and perhaps interesting, chapter in some future edition of Beckmann's History of Inventions, might be written upon the injuries to the vested interests of established branches of industry which have resulted, often unintentionally, from the various schemes of improvement introduced by the enterprise and ingenuity of successive inventors. We are quite sure that the authors, and artists, and publishers, who, for the last ten years, have been labouring so successfully for the improvement of our juvenile literature, never dreamed of injuring the established trade of the toy-merchants, who have enjoyed the immemorial privilege of catering for the amusement of the young generation; and yet we may almost venture to predict that, if this improvement continue to advance for a few years longer in the same ratio, the age of rocking-horses, and humming-tops, guns, drums, penny-trumpets, and their numberless noisy accompaniments, will pass away, and the "Gruff and Tackletons," and their kindred firms, will disappear from the mercantile world altogether.

It is but a few years since the idea of "Christmas-books" was first started. The unparalleled success of Mr. Dickens's first trial called into the field a host of imitators; and for the last year or two, the principle has been extended to the juvenile literature. We saw, in

our first number, with what success it has been carried out for the present year; and we purpose, in the following paper, to continue the subject, which we cannot but think an interesting and important one, by examining how far the same improvement has found its way into the literature of other countries. With this view, we have strung together the titles of half a dozen German "Children's Christmas-books," some of the present, some of past years, of which we purpose to lay a brief account before our readers.

We are old enough to remember a time when it would have been easy to describe very briefly almost any given collection of German tales. They were all, with hardly an exception, of one uniform type—a tissue of horrors and extravagances—seldom embodying any useful moral or social lesson, and indeed most commonly of an equivocal, if not a positively pernicious tendency. But a new era has been opened. Writers like the brothers Grimm, De la Motte Fouqué, Zschokke, Heinrich Smidt, and the Danish author Hans Christian Andersen, in the purely imaginative department, and the Canon Schmid, Guido Görres, Thieme, and many others in the moral and religious school, have effected in the literature of the young a revolution as signal, as beneficial, and as complete, as has been brought about by names of greater eminence, though perhaps of less merit, in the general literature of Germany.

Although for the last few years we have been borrowing largely, and unhesitatingly, from the juvenile literature of our German neighbours, yet there is one wide distinction between the "Children's Books" of the two nations. With us, the utilitarian principle is much more prominent; our books are all directly, and almost exclusively, practical; the teaching is generally direct, and upon the surface; and the writer either addresses his lesson to the reasoning powers of his youthful reader, or at least appeals broadly and straightforwardly to his moral or religious feelings. The Germans, on the contrary, even the more modern and better school,\* to which we have been alluding, retain, generally speaking, thus much of the old spirit of their literature, that they address themselves directly to the imagination; they do not conceive it to be indispensable to the effectiveness of their tales, that they should put forward, in every instance, a distinct and intelligible moral; and when they do propose this object to themselves, they aim at effecting it less through the agency of the understanding, or the moral sense, than through that of the imagination and its kindred faculties.

We are not going to institute a comparison of the two modes, much less to decide the contest between them. The truth is, that, as in most similar contrasts, perfection will be found to lie between the extremes. But we will own that, while we recognise to the fullest extent the value of children's books as a means of communicating useful knowledge in every department, we are strongly prepossessed, nevertheless, perhaps from our own youthful recollections, in favour of the imaginative school, in so far at least as it seeks to combine the marvellous and the fanciful, and even the grotesque, with the instruction, professed or hidden, which it is its real object to convey. We love to see the little features fixed in anxious expectation, and the little eyes opened wide in wonder; and we would fain believe that the interest created for the things of fairy-land, and the beings of the world in the air above or the sea beneath, may, in skilful hands, be turned to fully as useful an account for religion and morality, as the staid and sober maxims of moral and social wisdom conveyed through the medium of the most practical tale of every-day life.

But we are forgetting, in these secondary discussions, the very pretty collection of books which lies upon our table. In many respects they contrast unfavourably with the Christmas books of our own land. In the extrinsic advantages of paper, binding, and the other niceties of what is technically called "getting-up," they are many degrees inferior; but we doubt whether in the substantial advantages of correct and beautiful

\* The Canon Schmid is an exception to this statement. All his tales, even those which are most imaginative (as, for example, "Der Wunder-Arzt," *The Miraculous Doctor*), contain some direct religious or moral instruction.

typography, our ordinary books will bear a comparison with their less favoured rivals; and we are sure that, in felicity and copiousness of design, in boldness and tastefulness of execution, and aptness and appropriateness of conception, the German illustrations of most of these mere children's books will be admitted to be superior to most of the illustrations even of the most costly and elaborate productions of the English press.

The *Jugend-Kalender* is very different from what its title would seem to imply. It contains, it is true, an illustrated almanac, with very beautiful and appropriate designs, and with instructions on the appearances of the heavens admirably suited to young observers. But its chief literary value consists in a collection of tales and of poetical pieces, also accompanied by exceedingly elegant and striking illustrations. We must own, that, with few exceptions, the stories for this year have disappointed us. There is but one—"The Pot of Carnations"—which sustains the character of former collections. It is the story of a good-natured and affectionate but reckless boy, who, by his wild and thoughtless conduct, has brought a long and exhausting sickness upon his mother, and atones for his fault by the utmost devotedness during her illness, even selling his favourite "Pot of Carnations" to procure nourishing food for her. It is told with great simplicity and good taste, and is in many places exceedingly affecting. But we prefer to select a few specimens from some of the other volumes upon our list; and among these we may take Görres' pretty tale *Schön Röslein*, as among the most characteristic.

"Schön Röslein" is the daughter of a king and queen, who had been compelled, by the cruelty of a usurper, to fly from their kingdom, and to take refuge in a desert mountain, where they maintained themselves by the labour of their hands. Once they had been rich and powerful. In the morning, when the queen wished to rise from her bed, she had but to touch a little silver bell with the tip of her finger, and in a moment a hundred maids of honour came, out of breath with haste, to wait upon her.

"The first brought a towel for her hands, the second a towel for her feet, the third a towel for her face, the fourth a towel for her neck; a fifth brought water for her mouth, a sixth water for her eyes, a seventh water for her hands; an eighth brought her bracelets, a ninth her garters, a tenth her necklace; a twelfth brought her shoe-ties; and so on to the ninety-ninth, who brought her diadem, and the hundredth, who brought her crown. If the king called for a glass of water, five and twenty chamberlains flew right and left, with goblets in their hands, full of wines from every quarter of the world. But if their majesties chanced to go together for a walk in the park, then it was that you would see something like splendour, which might well fill you with wonder. Ten maidens, the loveliest in the whole world, all attired in satins and gold, walked behind as train-bearers for the queen; and in front marched a hundred Moors, in green and red velvet, with trumpets, horns, flutes, and drums, almost deafening you with their music. And close behind the king and queen walked slowly and solemnly, with laurel-branches in their hands, two old historiographers, observing every word, and gesture, and smile, for the purpose of noting all down in the great chronicle of the kingdom, for the instruction of future generations."

The greatness and apparent solidity of his power filled the king's heart with pride and presumption; and he caused an inscription to be set up, in which he declared, in the fulness of his prosperity, that he set misfortune itself at defiance. Very soon afterwards, however, he fell into the power of his implacable enemy, and saw himself compelled to abandon all his riches and all his glory, and to fly with his wife and daughter into the solitary mountain already described. Here they lived for years in poverty; and when, by the death of his rival, the king was restored to his throne, it was with a humbled heart and a chastened spirit he resumed his position. His queen, however, did not live to enjoy the restoration of their fortunes. She died during their exile, and in her last moments she called her daughter to her knee, and delivered to her her dying instructions.

"My dear child," said she, "if you would have me die in peace, you must promise me to observe faithfully, all your life long, these instructions, in prosperity no less than in adversity.

See this little iron cross; my father hung it upon my neck at the hour of my birth; I hang it upon yours in this my dying hour. Preserve it carefully; and every morning and evening take it in your hand, and say a little prayer in memory of me. In the second place, I beg of you to water, every morning, after you have said your prayers, this lily with pure fresh spring-water. It was the gift of my mother: tend it carefully in love and memory of me, as I have preserved it in love and gratitude to my mother. Then spin every day on my little silver spinning-wheel, which the king your father gave me on my wedding-morning, a thread as long as the flight of an arrow from your father's cross-bow. Never neglect this for a single day, whether you should continue poor as at present, or should be restored to honour and riches; for labour and industry are necessary for the poor, but even more so for the rich and powerful. Cherish these three gifts, then, dear child; and never fail to do every day what I have prescribed for you. But my last and most earnest request is this: never, for the sake of Heaven and the love of me—never in your life, dear Rose, look into a looking-glass; for I foresee that if you do so, you will pay dearly for it, and will not only lose my three gifts, but will also involve yourself in great misery and wretchedness: if, on the contrary, you fulfil these my last wishes, I will pray God to grant you happiness and benediction, and to continue it to you your whole life long."

Rose did not fail to observe these instructions faithfully, even after her father's return to his throne. She grew up a paragon of loveliness and accomplishments, and was the pride and happiness of her father's life. By degrees, however, the flatteries of the courtiers, and the evil suggestions of those by whom she was surrounded, began to undermine her early principles; and she was seized with an uncontrollable desire to see in the looking-glass the beauty which she knew to be the object of such universal admiration.

It is at this point the supernatural machinery of the tale comes into action. After a long struggle, she makes a kind of compromise with her conscience, by adopting the suggestion of a certain mysterious visitor in the shape of a raven, and, avoiding the literal violation of her pledge, satisfies her curiosity by looking at herself, not in the mirror, but in the clear waters of the fountain. It is easy to foresee the consequence. The unhappy princess pays the penalty of her sinful curiosity. Enchanted by the sight of her own beauty, like Narcissus in the classic story, she remains rivetted to the spot. The wicked raven takes advantage of her abstraction, and steals from her the first of her mother's dying gifts, the iron cross, which she had promised to keep faithfully during her life; and, in punishment of a proud and presumptuous declaration, into which her infatuated admiration of her own beauty betrays her, a beautiful but most venomous serpent issues from her mouth, encircles her with its folds, and holds her captive upon the very spot where she had violated the dying injunction of her mother.

"Thus, by the fountain-edge, for many months, sat unhappy Rose, encircled by the deadly coils of the serpent, and doomed to gaze upon this hideous image, reflected within its waters. If she ate, the serpent also ate from the same dish; and when she drank, he too partook of the same goblet. The toad too nestled motionless in her bosom, as if to remind her perpetually of her unhappy betrothal. Poor Rose pined daily away; her cheeks grew pale, her eyes lost their brilliancy. In the bitterness of her heart, she called to mind her dying mother, and the promises she had made to her. She thought once more of her little iron cross; but, on searching for it, she discovered that it was gone. 'Oh mother, dear mother!' she cried, 'if I but had your cross once more!'

"As she uttered these words, a raven came flying up, croaking as he flew. It was the same bird that had first advised her to look at herself in the water. He held the cross in his beak, and as he flew over her head, let it fall gently. But lo! the keen-eyed serpent stretched its head high above, caught it as it fell, and swallowed it greedily! The poor girl tried to clasp her hands in prayer; but the wicked serpent held them far asunder, encircled in his hideous folds, as though they were stretched upon a cross! She asked them to bring her lily, hoping to cheer her melancholy by the sight of its beautiful flowers, and the fragrance of its delicious perfume. Alas, its leaves were dry and withered, and hung sad and drooping from the stem. The sight but added to poor Rose's affliction. As a last resource, she called for her little silver spinning-wheel; but the serpent held her hands and feet so close fixed, that she could not even set it in motion; and she was forced to sit motionless, day after day, gazing upon her image in the foun-

tain into which she had thrown all her treasures. But now, alas, instead of pearls and diamonds, she dropped into its waters but tears of bitterness—the only possession which remained to her in her misery!”

At length, however, she is disenchanted, in the old-established and legitimate fashion, by a gallant young knight, who, by virtue of a talisman which he received from an old beggar whom he had relieved in distress, kills her persecutor, recovers her lost treasures, and is rewarded by the possession of her hand. We wish our space would permit us to extract a few passages from the winding-up of the tale, and still more from the moral explanation of the allegory, which is contained under this grotesque and fanciful disguise. It is exceeding beautiful, and admirably suited to make an impression upon the youthful mind. But, perhaps, it will be more interesting to offer in its stead a specimen of another book from this curious collection. We shall select the opening of one of the tales in the *Enchanted Garden*, “The Sea-King’s Daughter:”

“The youngest of you, my dear little friends, I am sure, has seen the sea. You must also have heard people talk about it; and you are aware that it reaches from one quarter of the globe to another, and forms the high road of communication between the north and the south. In the silence of evening, when it lies in its tranquil majesty, lighted up by the declining rays of the setting sun, it looks like a vast and mighty mirror (the neighbouring coast serving, as it were, for its frame), in whose brilliant surface the heavens themselves, with the sun and moon and stars, are reflected; while in its angrier moods it resembles a huge giant, bearing with ease upon its back the heaviest burdens, and, when roused into fury, seizing the strongest ships as though in the hollow of its hand, and crushing them to pieces, as if they were of gossamer.

“These, however, are but the every-day wonders of the sea, which lie upon its surface, and which it is in the power of every one to see, either by day or by night, if he will but walk to the beach and cast his eyes abroad across its waters. But very different is it in the deep ocean. Here the wonders and the beauties are literally without limit.

“A wide, wide plain extends itself, far and near, at the bottom of the sea: no eye can scan its extent, no foot has traversed its vastness. On this plain not a blade of grass grows, not a flower blossoms; there are no lambs sporting about with good little children, and saluting them with their mirthful little bleatings. And yet the ground is covered with the loveliest green in the world—a bright and sparkling sand, reflecting in its hues the varied colours of the ocean, and thus presenting the appearance of grass sprinkled with parti-coloured flowers. Now the flowers are purple, and azure, and yellow shells, strewn about at random by some sportive sea-sprite. At the extremity of this plain lies a forest no less extensive, richly stocked with large and strange-looking trees. But these trees bear upon their branches no fresh green leaves, no fragrant flowers, no refreshing fruit; they are huge stems of coral of every variety of hue; and yet they bear leaves, and beautiful ones too, though after a fashion of their own; for their leaves are nothing else but little marine animals of different kinds. And if upon the trees in this submarine forest you see no parti-coloured singing birds flitting about through the branches, if there are no deer resting beneath their shade or drinking at their clear fountains, yet it is enlivened nevertheless with living things of its own—dense masses of fishes wind their way through its tangled paths, all steering to one single point with such eager haste that they never deviate for a moment to the right or to the left from their onward course.

“Now, whither is all this multitude of fishes hastening? They are repairing to the extremity of the forest, where stands the palace of THE SEA-KING. Hither they must repair every morning and parade themselves before him. They come in long and dense files, which no human eye could scan. But the Sea-King’s eye is bright as the sun itself; and when he walks to his palace-window, he can see them all, from first to last; and even if one of them tries to crouch down, or to screen himself behind one of his bigger neighbours, he can discover him notwithstanding. Then he announces to his state-cook, who stands at his side: ‘I will have these two for breakfast; for dinner, that one, and that one, and the three next to him; and the two fellows in front will do for supper.’ The cook then makes a low bow, and gives a signal to the fishes which his majesty had marked out; they follow him quietly into the kitchen, and the rest return peaceably to their homes.”

We cannot help thinking this exceedingly good in its own way, and just of the character to entice even the least industrious child into a desire and a habit of reading. It is but an average specimen of this quaint but most attractive volume.

We would gladly run through the remainder of our list, and, above all, give some account of the *Fest-Kalender* and the *Geschichten und Lieder*. We have seldom been more pleased than with the legend of St. Christopher in the latter, the strange tale *Gevatter-Tod* (Godfather Death), and the beautiful story of the Gold-leaf. The illustrations, too, are beyond all praise, and exceedingly appropriate. But we have already far exceeded the limits which we originally proposed to ourselves, and must be content with expressing, in general terms, our earnest hope that the artists and authors of these countries may long continue, as of late years, to select from the rich store of German juvenile literature those portions which are best adapted to develop and improve the character and dispositions of the young generation, and to omit all that is of pernicious or even of equivocal tendency.

*The Ecclesiologist*. Published by the Ecclesiological, late Cambridge Camden Society. For December 1847. London, Joseph Masters.

THE “Ecclesiological, late Cambridge Camden Society” appears still able to number a sufficient body of adherents to secure a remunerating circulation for this periodical. Though the society itself, driven as it has been from its name, its local abode, and its former influential position, has long ceased active operation, it nevertheless struggles hard for a literary existence against the force of uncongenial influences, withdrawn patronage, and the all but universal rejection of its endeavours by the communion into which it vainly strove to infuse an unreal spirit of Catholicity. There is the same ambitious and studied use of Catholic phraseology, unmeaning as it is, except as applied to that Church which can alone claim it—the same fulsome and oft-repeated laudation of some two or three favourite architects and artists in the Society’s confidence and patronage—the same dreamy mysticism on the subject of “symbolism,” and the same parade of scientific knowledge and critical judgment, which has so long rendered this publication obnoxious to the charge of quaint and quixotic idiosyncrasy.

The present number contains a paper of almost incredible absurdity on “Vulne Symbolism.” We should be sorry to speak harshly or ill-naturedly, but we must assert that the name is as preposterous as the theory. The theory was invented some time ago, and obstinately maintained in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that the low confession-window, so constantly seen in the chancels of ancient churches, symbolised the wound in the SAVIOUR’S side; and the novel name of *vulne-window* was thence given to this aperture. We cannot go through the subject of this paper, nor is it at all worth while doing so; but our intelligent Catholic readers will smile when we inform them, that the Ecclesiological symbolists propose to call the western-aisle windows “pede-windows,” from a notion that they represent the wounds in the feet; and gravely suggest an extensive examination of the end windows of transepts, if perchance some symbolism of the wounds in the hands may be discovered!

The whole subject of architectural symbolism, originating in the fanciful work of Durandus, is one of very questionable nature. It is, unfortunately, of that intangible, unreal character, which, possessing no certain fundamental data, no universally received primary laws, can only be limited by the imagination of individual speculators. We confess that we have very little belief in it. “An attention,” says the sensible Mr. Petit,\* “to symbolical meanings had little or no material influence in forming the principles of Gothic architecture. It is true that the mere decorative part abounds with symbols, and it is likely that meanings were affixed to several forms and arrangements, their architectural propriety being duly approved. But I hold that symbolism was made altogether a secondary consideration, and never suffered to interfere (unless in a few insulated cases,) with the far more important points of mechanical propriety, convenience, beauty, and solemnity.” To the same effect writes Mr. Bowman, whose excellent work, *Specimens of Ancient Ecclesiastical Architec-*

\* *Archæological Journal*, vol. ii. p. 10.

ture, we hope shortly to notice. "It will be found, on a close investigation, that symbolism does not exist in the sacred edifices of this country built during the middle ages to any thing like the extent that has been supposed by some; that it is by no means necessarily connected with the style, and that it therefore ought not to be made one of its leading principles. We believe that it is a principle which, however appropriate and beautiful in itself, is so far from being the one on which depended the remarkable effect produced upon the mind by the buildings of the middle ages, as some would have us to suppose, that its use, except with great caution and judgment, would be rather injurious in its effect than otherwise" (p. 3). The simple truth is, as the same author remarks, that the forms themselves were adopted in Gothic architecture before the idea of attaching any symbolical meaning to them had arisen.

We have little to say on the purely architectural portion of this work, such as the reviews of new and the accounts of old churches, except that there is not only an affectation, but a tiresome monotony in the use of certain quaint and often incorrect phrases. We hear of bell-gables being "frittered;" of window-tracery being "nervous;" of the "sacarium," as applied to the space round the altar (its Catholic meaning being the piscina); of "arches of constructions (?);" of pillars "clustered of four;" of "discharging arches (?);" of poppy-heads being "pretensions (!);" of "vestibular transepts," and similar expressions; some of them conveying no definite meaning, others unintelligible to professional men, who have not learned the new Ecclesiological vocabulary.

*The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola, translated from the authorised Latin; with Extracts from the Literal Version and Notes of the Rev. Father Rothaan, Father-General of the Company of Jesus.* By Charles Seager, M.A. With a Preface by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman. London, Dolman.

IN recommending this celebrated book for general perusal, it may not be unacceptable to some few of our readers, if we premise a word or two on the nature of that religious exercise which is generally called in Catholic language a "spiritual retreat." And this is the more needful, because the work itself is not necessarily designed for indiscriminate reading. It is essentially, so to say, a professional treatise, which may be the instrument of the greatest good in the hands of those who know how to use it; but which, like medical books when applied by amateur apothecaries, is capable of being employed to very serious mischief. At the same time, its character is such, that any man of sense who reads it with a candid and devout mind, and abstains from perverting it from its original design, may derive no little advantage from a very large portion of its contents. When studied carefully in such a reasonable spirit, by any earnest-minded person, whether Catholic or not, we cannot but believe that it will be found to work him very great benefit.

A "retreat," as its very name implies, is a temporary separation from secular occupations, undertaken for the purpose of deeply impressing the mind with the great truths and importance of religion. It is a common practice with devout Catholics to "go into retreat" occasionally, sometimes at fixed intervals, with a view to their spiritual improvement. The precise character of the religious exercises thus undertaken, of course vary with the circumstances of the person who is engaged in them. It varies from a simple dedication of two or three hours a-day, employed under the direction of a clergyman, for a certain period, in a fixed course of prayer and meditation, up to an entire seclusion from every secular employment, and from all society, for three or four weeks' time. A retreat of this latter kind, though necessarily for only a few days, is often entered into by the parochial clergy; in monasteries it is frequently practised; and it is accounted an indispensable preparation for a due reception of any one of the degrees of holy orders. Another form of the same exercise is now gradually making its way in this country, chiefly through the exertions of a few energetic

individuals. It consists of a series of sermons and meditations delivered in connexion with the various services of divine worship in some large church, and continued from day to day throughout a week or a fortnight. These are attended by any persons who please to come, either throughout the whole course, or to any extent that circumstances may permit, their general daily occupations continuing on the whole as usual.

That such prolonged attention of the mind to religious topics, especially when accompanied by every practicable means for deepening the impression upon the feelings, must be productive of some powerful effect, not a word is needed to prove. It must be productive either of a permanent benefit to the soul, or must work it a frightful injury, by over-stimulating its emotions, and substituting a mere physical or nervous excitement for the operations of the Divine Spirit. Upon the skill, therefore, with which this potent spiritual medicine is applied, it depends whether the result be prosperous or baneful. As nothing can be more permanently or fundamentally beneficial to a Christian than a retreat, especially a private one, when wisely adapted to the real condition of his conscience and capacities, so there are few things in which the error of his spiritual guide, or his own tendency to self-deception, is capable of inflicting upon him so terrible an injury.

The book now before us has been used as a guide in the management of these exercises by almost every Catholic clergyman who has been called to conduct them, since it was first given to the world. All follow, more or less, its general plan; all consider that the rules it lays down to prevent the abuses of the system are the most masterly and complete which the uninspired intellect of man has ever devised on the subject; and every celebrated treatise which has been written for use on such occasions is little more than an expansion of the brief outline here given by the great Spaniard of the sixteenth century.

This little volume, therefore, cannot but be a most interesting subject for study to every person who is desirous of ascertaining the general character of a devotional exercise which exerts so powerful an influence in the Catholic Church. As such, we should be glad to see it well read and examined by candid men of every creed. That it may be taken as a fair index of the real nature of Catholic personal devotion is, perhaps, not too bold an assertion. At any rate, the book must unquestionably harmonise in a remarkable degree with the practical spirit of the Roman communion, or it would never have attained so universal a popularity and veneration among all classes of her laity and clergy,—a veneration, be it observed, which is not in the slightest degree on the wane. That all that it contains should be approved by those who are not Catholics is naturally impossible. But yet we should not hesitate to put it into the hands of any person who was disposed to read it with a serious mind, and with a willingness to see things as they really are, and not as coloured by prepossession and prejudice.

It need hardly be added, especially as the same caution is earnestly given in Dr. Wiseman's interesting preface, that no one ought to think of subjecting himself to the course of spiritual discipline here laid down, except under the particular guidance of a competent director. Much may be learnt from its pages, in preparation for the devotions of a "retreat," and also in the way of hints and advice in the general course of the Christian life; but to attempt to carry out its rules in practice on our own personal responsibility would be a proceeding fraught with peril. If the Church does not allow a single individual to act as the physician of his own soul, so that even the Pope himself submits as implicitly to his confessor in the direction of his conscience as the humblest of his servants, how much more is this spirit of self-distrust and obedience needed in the administering so strong a medicine to the diseases of the soul, as that which is supplied by the Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola! A short extract from the introductory portion of the work itself will shew the peculiar tenderness and discretion which its author deemed essential to the production of any good effect upon the mind:—

"He who gives the exercises ought not to urge the other to poverty, and the promise thereof, more than to the opposite; nor to this rather than to that plan of life: for although out of the exercises it is lawful, and to be accounted meritorious, to persuade all those to embrace celibacy, religious life, and any other evangelical perfection, who from the consideration of their persons and conditions will probably be fit subjects; yet it is far more suitable and better, in the exercises themselves, not to attempt it, but rather to seek the will of God, and wait until our Creator and Lord Himself communicate Himself to the soul devoted to Him, and embracing it, dispose it to the love, praise, and service of Himself, as He proves to be most fitting. Therefore, he who dictates the exercises must stand in a certain equilibrium, and, the instrument apart, leave the Creator Himself to transact the matter with the creature, and the creature with the Creator."

The translation before us is the best which has hitherto appeared in English, and the title tells with what notes and additions it is enriched. The valuable preface by Dr. Wiseman also adds greatly to its claims. The work, however, would have read better, if the various readings had been appended as foot-notes, rather than inserted in the body of the text. We can only hope that the present edition will be so soon sold as to induce the translator to bring out another with the alteration we suggest.

*The Shadow of the Pyramid. A Series of Sonnets.*  
By R. Ferguson. Pickering, 1847.

THIS little volume contains sixty or seventy sonnets, the memorials of a visit to Cairo, and excursions in its vicinity. They are correct and pleasing; and shew signs of a well-regulated mind, on which travel has not been thrown away. However, we are afraid the author is one of those men who are more calculated to enjoy other people's poetry than to write poetry themselves, except as a private exercise of taste, to ascertain and adjust their own feelings. A sonnet, too, is at once a very easy and a very difficult thing to achieve. The mechanical construction is very easy; and a man of moderate abilities may write smooth sonnets by the gross; but a good sonnet ought to unite three things—elegance, point, and depth. So very short a poem should bear closely looking at, and turning over and over in one's mind. Mr. Ferguson is generally elegant, sometimes pointed, but seldom deep. Of course, in most of the circumstances which form the subjects of his verses, there is wonderful depth; but he does not open them out, or give us the right key to them; his expressions being often merely such as any traveller of ordinary thoughtfulness would say to his companion in the midst of such scenes. *E. g.* one sonnet begins with the observation,— "Mehemet's is a strange career!" Another with the following:

"How striking is the contrast that we find  
Of creed between the living and the dead!"

A third, about the citadel of Cairo, ends with this frequent reflection:

"Ah! how its gallant founder would have spurned  
The use to which these walls have since been turned!"

And a fourth, concerning King Menes and Mehemet Ali's plan of barrage, concludes with the query, whether the Nile

"— will rise in all his majesty,  
And dash the fetters from him?" (*Ans.*) *We shall see.*"

Having said thus much, we will quote for our readers the following very encouraging specimens of this little collection, with the notes, which, like several others in the volume, are interesting.

"How sweet the breath, how calm the voice of night!  
How soothingly her gentle fingers sweep  
O'er the worn brow, in zephyrs soft and light,  
And charm with magic touch the soul to sleep!  
Oh, then to wake! and feel how full and deep  
The pulse of Nile throbs round thee, and to hear  
No voice but his low breathing on the ear;  
Then in a thought of Him who still doth keep  
His watch o'er earth, a moment's space upon  
Yon sky to gaze, and in that moment see  
The gleaming dart of the unsleeping One  
Flash through the sky against his enemy;\*  
And then to muse, till melting into dreams,  
The murmur of the Nile some friend's loved accents seems."

\* "The Moslems believe that a falling star is the dart of the Almighty thrown at an evil spirit."

LIX.

"And gentle tokens are there. Here is one—  
Perchance a birth-day gift to some fair maid,  
Prized even unto death by her that's gone,  
And since—three thousand years beside her laid.  
Surely the giver has been well repaid.  
Take it, and read the motto written here  
On this frail toy, from distant lands convey'd,—  
'The flower unfolds, and lo! another year!'  
Another year! how many a year since then  
Has opened on young hearts, whose fancy bright  
O'er the dim future shed the golden light  
Of hope's enchantment, and has closed again  
On the dull tomb and grim sarcophagus.  
So is it still, and still it shall be thus."

On the whole, we think Mr. Ferguson has enough poetry in him to cultivate for his own sake, though hardly enough for public or general interest. Such poets are often spoken of far too harshly. No faculty in us ought to lie idle; and if the poetic faculty exists in a moderate degree, it should not be discouraged by the "*mediocribus esse poetis*," any more than mechanical or imitative talents should be altogether denied their exercise, merely because a man's models or sketches may not be such as to make it worth his while to turn civil engineer or artist.

### Short Notices.

*Journal of a Residence at the College of St. Columba in Ireland. With a Preface.* By the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Oxford, Parker.

THIS is a flagrant example of the puff indirect. Mr. Sewell "chronicles small beer," potatoes, surpluses, and such like little matters, with a minuteness which would be both amusing and interesting did it arise from an unaffected simplicity. As it is, the College of St. Columba, like all other spurious imitations, will stand in need of a good many more such advertisements before the world will give it credit for being what it pretends to be. We can only lament that so much zeal, energy, and liberality should have been thrown away by Mr. Sewell and his friends in a scheme which cannot by any possibility answer the Utopian expectations of its projectors. What its fate will be, may be anticipated from a story which has just got into the newspapers respecting the doings at the kindred institution in Perthshire. Major Jelf Sharp, brother of the Rev. Dr. Jelf, of King's College, having proceeded to Glenalmond, where the new episcopal college is situated, for the purpose of entering his son as a student, was first reprehended by Mr. Wordsworth for not kneeling on the bare floor during prayers, and afterwards was refused the communion on the ground of his being "an evil liver in the eye of the Church." Major Jelf, besides addressing a long letter to the editor of the *Record*, is said to be about to bring the affair under the notice of the Scottish bishops. Of course we do not vouch for the truth of this story; but the projectors of St. Columba may rest assured that some such matters will ere long shew them the sandy foundation on which they are raising their own well-intentioned structure.

*Pauline Seward: a Tale of Real Life.* By J. D. Bryant. Baltimore, Murphy; London, Dolman.

A CATHOLIC theological novel, mixing up controversy and sentiment after the usual fashion. The descriptions, the style, and the sentiment, are about on a par. Here is a specimen of the dialogue:

"Your unhappy daughter is not what she once was: but, oh, dear pa, spare her from saying more."

"Proceed, Pauline; I must know all."

"Dearest pa, your daughter is a Catholic, and—"

"Merciful heavens!" he ejaculated, and fell senseless on the floor. . . . When he had revived, endeavouring to soothe and comfort him, she said:

"Dear pa, your daughter is the same to you, only that she loves you more."

The book winds-up with a somewhat novel piece of advice to the critic; viz. that being far from perfect himself, he must not bear hard upon the imperfections of these volumes. Taking this hint, we shall say no more; adding, however, that the *pa's* and *ma's* of America must have been somewhat "hard-up" for story-books and theology, when they bought up two editions of *Pauline Seward*, as it appears is the case.

\* "Vessels of Chinese manufacture have frequently been found in Egyptian tombs, apparently undisturbed for 3000 years. They are supposed to have been imported through India; and the characters are the same as those used in China at the present day: a common motto upon them is that quoted in the sonnet above."

*Beauties of German Literature; selected from various Authors; with short Biographical Notices.* London, Burns.

ANOTHER of those very pleasing and unexceptionable selections from the stores of German tales and stories which, fortunately for young readers, are no longer rare. This volume of "beauties" is by no means a mere selection of those fragments, which are too often so called. It contains five tales, longer and shorter; the last in the series, by Tieck, amounting in length almost to that of a little novel. Richter's "Death of an Angel" is a most singular idea, not ill worked out; and the whole collection may be safely recommended to the most scrupulous.

*The Dream of Little Tuk, and other Tales.* By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Charles Boner. With four illustrations by Count Pocci of Munich. London, Grant and Griffith.

PERHAPS hardly equal in fancy and grace to others of Andersen's fascinating stories, yet by no means an unwelcome addition to its predecessors. Count Pocci's sketches are odd, quaint, and pretty.

*The Last Days of O'Connell: a Series of Papers, written or edited by W. B. MacCabe, Esq., Author of a "Catholic History of England."* Dublin, Duffy; London, Dolman.

MR. MacCabe has for some time past given to the public an occasional sketch or record of some one of the most important events in O'Connell's life, which he terminated by a translation of Ventura's funeral *éloge* upon the deceased Liberator. He has wisely, we think, now published them, with other similar papers, in a volume, which will not only be found interesting to many of the great orator's many admirers and disciples, but will be of material service to future biographers and annalists of the days of the Emancipation, and of its most successful champion.

*The Holy Trinity proved, from Antiquity, from the Authority of the Church, and from Reason.* By the Author of "Purgatory." London, J. Brown, Duke Street.

IN addition to the usual proofs of the great Christian mystery, the compiler of this little treatise has given a synopsis of the more important anticipations of the doctrine, which are to be found, distinct, though shadowy, in the religious systems of the heathen world. The whole will be found a useful and compendious manual: but to many persons the most curious portion will be that which we have named, in which Egyptians, Chinese, Persians, Indians, Tartars, Greeks, Romans, Peruvians, and Scandinavians agree in a testimony, second only in importance to that which was given, when, on the day of Pentecost, all tongues united to recognise the truth of the faith of Jesus Christ.

*Élévations sur les Litanies de la T. S. Vierge.* Par M l'Abbé Ratisbon; ouvrage illustré et orné d'environ 60 gravures sur acier. Paris, P. J. Camus.

THE design of this work, only one number of which has at present reached us, is admirable; viz. to illustrate each petition in the Litany of Loretto by a representation of the Blessed Virgin under each corresponding character; which is further exemplified by various symbols, and by incidents drawn from the Old and New Testaments. The engravings are really excellent, with very little of that French mannerism which is so distasteful in religious subjects. The two petitions illustrated in this number are *Virgo clemens* and *Causa nostræ letitiæ*. In the former, besides other symbolic devices, the type selected from the Old Testament is Rebecca giving water to the camels at the well; and the distinguishing act by which the Blessed Virgin instances her right to the title is her entreaty to her Divine Son to supply the marriage-feast with wine. In the latter, Miriam and Judith are taken as the Old Testament representatives, and the Visitation as the occasion on which Mary's presence was the cause of more than natural joy. The mottoes with which each illustration is accompanied render the meaning very clear, and assist meditation. The work is constructed on an old model, with the help of modern artists; the letter-press is by the Abbé Ratisbon, the biographer of St. Bernard. The price makes it accessible to all classes, and the whole is well worthy of imitation in this country.

*Adventures of an Angler in Canada.* By Charles Lanman. London, Bentley.

THIS is the result of a determination of the author to which he came, as he tells us, when, on a pleasant morning in May, he awoke from a piscatorial dream, haunted by the idea that he must spend a portion of the approaching summer in the indulgence of his passion for angling. There is not much to praise or much to find fault with in Mr. Lanman's annals of his tour and sport. On the whole, it is a not unpleasing narrative, more interesting, we dare say, to anglers, Canadian and otherwise, than to those who desiderate striking adventures and personal gossip.

The most interesting thing in the book is an account of the library of the Hon. G. P. Marsh, at Burlington. As such stores are rare in a new country like America, we give the tourist's description, as a curiosity for scholars and book-collectors.

"My chief object in speaking of this gentleman was to introduce a passing notice of his library, which is undoubtedly the most unique in the country. The building itself, which stands near his dwelling, is of brick, and arranged throughout with great taste. You enter it, as it was often my privilege, and find yourself in a perfect wilderness of gorgeous books and portfolios of engravings. Of books, Mr. Marsh owns some five thousand volumes. His collection of Scandinavian literature is supposed to be more complete than any out of the northern kingdoms. To give you an idea of this literary treasure, I will mention a few of the rarest specimens. In old northern literature, here may be found the *Arna Magnæan* editions of old Icelandic sagas, all those of *Suhm*, all those of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and, in fact, all those printed at Copenhagen and Stockholm, as well as in Iceland, with scarcely an exception. This library also contains the great editions of *Heimskringla*, the two *Eddas*, *Kongs-Skugg-Sjo*, *Konunga Styrlise*, the *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum*, *Scriptores Rerum Svecicarum*, *Dansk Magazin*, the two complete editions of *Olaus Magnus*, *Saxo Grammaticus*, the works of Bartholinus, Torfaus, Schöning, Suhm, Pontoppidan, Grundtvig, Petersen, Rask, the *Atlantica* of Rudbeck, the great works of *Sjöborg*, Liljegren, Geijer, Cronholm, and Strinnholm, all the collections of old Icelandic, Danish, and Swedish laws, and almost all the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated of the language, literature, or history of the ancient Scandinavian race.

"In modern Danish literature, here may be found the works of Holberg, Wessel, Ewald, Hejberg, Baggesen, Oehlenschläger, Nyerup, Ingemann, with other celebrated authors; in Swedish, those of Leopold Oxenstjerna, Bellmann, Franzen, Atterbom, Tegner, Frederika Bremer, and indeed almost all the *belles-lettres* authors of Sweden, the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Science (more than one hundred volumes), those of the Swedish Academy, and of the Royal Academy of Literature, and many collections in documentary history, besides numerous other works.

"In Spanish and Portuguese, besides many modern authors, here are numerous old chronicles, such as the Madrid collection of old Spanish Chronicles, in seven volumes 4to; the Portuguese *Livros ineditos da Historia Portugueza*, five volumes folio; Fernam Lopez, de Brito, Duarte Nunez de Lian, Damiam de Goes, de Barros, Castanheda, Resende, Andrada, Osorio; also, de Menezes, Mariana, and others of similar character. In Italian, most of the best authors, who have acquired a European reputation; several hundred volumes of French works, including many of the ancient chronicles; a fine collection in German, including many editions of *Reyneke der Fuchs*, the *Nibelungen*, and other works of the middle ages. In classical literature, good editions of the most celebrated Greek and Latin authors; and in English a choice collection of the best authors, among which should be mentioned, as rare in this country, Lord Berners' *Froissart*, Roger Ascham, the writings of King James I., John Smith's *Virginia* (edition of 1624), *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Palmerin of England*. In lexicography, the best dictionaries and grammars in all the languages of western Europe, and many biographical dictionaries and other works of reference in various languages. Many works also on astrology, alchemy, witchcraft, and magic; and a goodly number of works on the situation of Plato's Atlantis and Elysian Fields, such as Rudbeck's *Atlantica*, *Goropius Becanus*, de *Grave République des Champs-Elysées*, and a host of others in every department of learning, the mere mention of which would cause the bookworm a thrill of delight.

"In the department of art, Mr. Marsh possesses the Musée Français, Musée Royal (proof before letters), *Liber Veritatis*, Houghton Gallery, Florence Gallery, Publications of Dilettanti Society, and many other illustrated works and collections of engravings; the works of Bartsch, Ottley Mengs, Visconti, Winckelmann, and other writers on the history and theory of art; old illustrated works, among which are the original editions of *Teuerdanck* and *der Weiss Kunig*; and many thousand steel engravings, including many originals by Albert Dürer, Luke of Leyden, Lucas Cranach, Aldegreuer, Wierx, the *Sadlers Nauteuil* (among others the celebrated Louis XIV., size of life, and a proof of the *Cadet à la Perle*, by Masson), *Ede-link*, *Drevet*, *Marc Antonio*, and other old engravers of the Italian school, *Callot*, *Ostade*, *Rembrandt* (including a most superb impression of the Christ Healing the Sick, the hundred-guilder piece, and the portrait of Renier Anslou), *Waterloo*, *Woollett*, *Sharp*, *Strange*, *Earlom*, *Wille*, *Ficquet*, *Schmidt*, *Longhi*, and *Morghen*; in short, nearly all the works of all the greatest masters in chalcography, from the time of Dürer to the present day."

*The Dublin Review*, No. 46. January 1848.

WE rejoice to see the *Dublin* again coming forth in the spirit of a true *quarterly*. The last number shewed signs of what we could not but conceive to be an erroneous idea of the proper functions of the good, solid periodical, which appears only once every three months; especially when to the quarterly is added the theological character. It was cut up into brief articles, which were too short for a complete treatment of any topic, yet too lengthy for the object to which they were forced to confine themselves; and we have little doubt that the present number will be far more acceptable to a large portion of its more thoughtful readers.

The articles in the January No. are sufficiently varied in subject, with enough of the religious element to please those who look upon the *Dublin* as the theological organ of English Catholics. The paper on "Spanish Novelists" is well worth reading by those who cater to the popular taste, whether editors, publishers, or translators. Many curious facts, interesting to the ecclesiastical antiquarian, are put together in the second paper. In the third is given a sketch of "Pizarro's Adventures and Victories," with a short and severe handling of Mr. Prescott's book. The next suggests the doubts about the perfect authenticity of Mr. Melville's marvellous stories, which have already been felt by so many people. Then comes a just appreciation of Mr. Flanagan's very valuable and readable "Manual of British and Irish History;" a reply to Mr. Brownson's attack upon an article on "Development" in a former number, by the writer of the paper attacked, in whom we suspect that Mr. Brownson meets with a more awkward customer than he has been used to deal with; a most valuable paper of facts and controversy on the Russo-Greek Church; an article on "Irish Archaeology;" and some thoughts on the "Present position of the High-Church Theory," from which, if it were not too long for our pages, we should extract the whole of that portion which replies to Mr. Keble's most singular theories, as enounced in his new volume of sermons. We must content ourselves with a paragraph or two from the notice of Mr. Melville's books and their wonder-moving titles:—

"This is the age of puffing and humbug. Huge empty wooden carriages parade the streets of the metropolis, with placards and notices of various inestimable blessings and benefits which certain persons are minded to confer on the enlightened public, if the said public will but 'please to buy!' The manifest object of this new system of carrying on business, is to persuade the public that at such and such a locality, teas, and breeches, or hats, as the case may be, are better and cheaper than elsewhere; but the seat of the disease is to be found in the settled determination of the world to buy cheap wares, without any direct reference to the important question of their intrinsic worth—cheap railways carry off all the excursionists, and cheap steam-boats will do the same for your foot-sore clerk, who chuckles at the economy of the 'half-penny fares,' in utter unconsciousness of the contingent blowing-up which he purchases together with his ticket. Regardless of the cost of the material, the every-day working, pushing, go-ahead Englishman will now-a-days have a cheap article. The daily press is not exempt from this 'low pressure' from without. The last year has witnessed the birth and hitherto successful career of a three-penny morning paper, and we believe that it is perused extensively. Though those who prefer the *Daily News* to the *Times* may consider the two-pence 'saved,' as if there were so many pounds gotten, we very much doubt whether such dealings are calculated substantially to benefit either party, and we deprecate the recourse to prices, which must either leave the speculator in the lurch, or tend to the dissemination of rubbish in the place of sound substantial wares. Our strong disinclination to such a state of things arises from the conviction founded on experience, that it leads to humbug and imposition. It is a system resembling a fair in olden times, where he who could bawl out the virtues of his exhibition the loudest, was sure to get all the custom of the country bumpkins and wenches. He who can now advertise his goods in the most *outré* guise, or disguise, is now triumphant. The sensual Roman emperor offered a high reward for a new dish in olden times: modern speculators are more prone to offer rewards for new methods of puffing, where the palate of the public must be tickled and surprised by ingeniously concealed clap-traps. Verily they have their reward too. All the money expended so lavishly by 'Moses and Son' on their palace in the Minories, was 'turned' by their revolving wax-work figures, which astonished the town not long ago. Aristides was voted a bore, and ostracised accordingly by one man, who was tired of hearing him always called 'The Just.' The citizen of London depends on the contrary principle. The eternal repetition of the tradesman's name, coupled with the merits of his wares, now ensures him the patronage of the cockneys; for, like the farmer, they would believe that the mountebank presented every man with half-a-crown who purchased a seven-and-six-penny box for 5s., whereas they in fact give 5s. for that which

is really worth no more than 2s. 6d. For many months the readers of the advertising columns of every paper in London were astonished at the simple paragraph,

'No. 1 St. Paul's Churchyard!'

Some, who deemed that those words intimated foregone conclusions, steadily watched the top of Ludgate Hill as they passed the sacred pile, in the hope of witnessing the re-union of the happy pair; others deemed that it was a matrimonial speculation, and that it was an answer to a by-gone and equally mysterious solicitation for an interview. But all were mistaken; and when 'all the world and his wife' had noticed and re-noticed 'No. 1' daily for nearly six months, it was discovered that an enterprising tea-dealer was at the bottom of all the mystery, and 'No. 1 St. Paul's Churchyard' turned out to be Messrs. Dakin and Co., who were ready and willing to sell 'Rough Congos,' 'Rare Souchongs,' and 'High-flavoured Pekoes,' at prices 'absolutely stunning.' So goes the world in many trades; of such given materials are the rounds of the ladder composed, by the aid of which that respectability which 'keeps a shay' is sought for, and in many cases attained in this 19th century. The means, however, are not to be justified by the mere ends; and we wonder much that so dignified a bibliopole as Mr. Murray could condescend to them. It seems, however, that he must do so as well as his neighbours, or else his cobwebs will not be adorned with flies. We remember to have seen an advertisement some months ago, which marvellously puzzled us, and certainly reminded us of 'No. 1 St. Paul's Churchyard'—being nothing more nor less than this:—'OMOO, by the author of TYPE.' Our curiosity was excited by this advertisement, which was from time to time repeated, till 'Omoo' saw life in the 30th number of 'Murray's Home and Colonial Library,' when it turned out to be a sequel to a former number, describing the author's experience of life in the Marquesas Islands.

"The purpose of the mystic advertisement was accomplished in our case certainly; but we should have much more readily perused *Omoo* if it had been simply announced to the world of letters as 'Adventures in the South Seas,' for by that title Mr. Murray now calls it; and we should have had far less repugnance to overcome if we had not been sensible, while we read on and devoured the contents of the volume now before us, page after page, that we, in our critical capacity, had been induced to read the book under a species of false pretence as it were. This sensation has given rise to our atrabilious remarks on the proceedings of the present age; but having given vent to them, we proceed to discuss Mr. Herman Melville 'with what appetite we may.'

"'Truth' has been openly proclaimed to be 'stranger than fiction.' *Omoo* is on that score a truthful book. We would not term it 'wonderful,' because the qualification of true is generally appended to that adjective by those who intend to signify their want of belief in the fact spoken of. There is, however, one sense in which the term wonderful may be applied to Mr. Melville's production; for we wonder how such a book came to be written by one 'before the mast,' as he describes himself to be; or how one capable of so thinking, reflecting, recollecting, and inditing, could have gone before the mast! And in a 'whaler' too, of all ships in the world! Verily the solution of these 'wonders' puzzles us much. Then, again, the fact that Mr. Melville 'hails from' Yankee Land, (for he dedicates his work 'To Herman Gansevoort, of Gansevoort, Saratoga County, New York,' with whom he claims consanguinity,) is a circumstance which excites suspicion. Not that we would be supposed to hold the bigoted theory, that every Yankee tale is like 'that 'tarnal sea-sarpint' of which there is neither end nor beginning—as we opine. Far otherwise; but we do mean to say that the 'States' are a very large country, and it is very difficult to identify our author by his tone, habits, or thoughts, with any of the peculiar classes into which the land is divided. In the first place, he is to all appearances free from that anti-Anglican prejudice, and those egotistical Americanisms which generally distinguish our good 'brother Jonathan,' who, though he has somehow or other possessed himself of a tolerable provision for a younger scion of an ancient family, is yet preposterous enough at times to sigh for the family-seat which has time out of mind appertained to his elder brother, 'John Bull.' We next find Mr. Melville indulging in both his works in no very measured comments on the proceedings of the French, both at Nukuheva and Tahiti; so that on the whole we are at fault as to the correctness of his ship's papers, and hardly know whether to trust implicitly to the simple yet insufficient account of himself, which may be gleaned from the prefaces to these works, and from their contents."

### Miscellaneous.

A LITERARY QUIXOTE.—GREEK *versus* IRISH.

WE had until lately believed that Martinus Scriblerus was defunct for ever. We expected to hear no more

of the revival of Lacedæmonian black broth, or of any of the kindred pranks of classical antiquarians. We imagined the taste for the oddities and unpleasantnesses of ancient days to be now confined to our gallant mediævalists, who insist upon Gothicising man and angel, habitation and garments, pictures and typography, after the most delightfully ugly of all the devices which the mechanical deficiencies of our forefathers compelled them, however unwillingly, to tolerate.

This now appears to be altogether an error. There are Quixotes still upon earth, bent upon restoring the usages of ages far anterior to the days of Gothic architecture and illuminated manuscripts. Ireland, fertile in startling events—too often, alas! most tragic in their nature—has yet sufficient versatility in her productiveness to call forth a smile and a jest by her Northern follies, while her Western crimes are demanding the ruthless remedies of a severe justice. In Belfast is now waging a fierce controversy on the propriety of introducing *Greek* as the living language of the learned of Presbyterian Ulster! A staid professor, a Reverend Mr. Masson, *protégé* of the synod, and by their favour professor of classical studies, has actually propounded a plan for this inconceivable absurdity. This gentleman was until lately "Philhellene Judge of the High Court of Areopagus," and "Attorney-General of the Areopagus"—(strange, though euphonious titles in the ears of those who know Greek matters only through the medium of Thucydides and Demosthenes)—but being now returned from King Otho's court, he has become a Presbyterian clergyman, and professor, as aforesaid.

In his inaugural lecture this bold reformer stated, *inter alia*, that it would be his object to teach Greek so as to make it the language of intellectual communication among the students; that this result was perfectly practicable from the close affinities between the modern and ancient tongues, of which any scholar might be convinced by a perusal of the standard works now published in the Romaic. Nay, the professor believes that in a few years the Arcadian shepherds will speak the venerable language of their classic forefathers in all its full and mellow purity. Such strange hallucinations provoked the Rev. "Eysik Nealein" to break a lance with the Dicast and first law-officer of the Morea. He quoted "Theodorus Ttehotylodromus," and other such learned authorities, to prove the impossibility of a reconciliation between the language of Pericles and the dissonant rudeness of the Klepht. The professor rejoined, and referred to the *State Gazette*, now published in Athens, and written by members of the University. Dr. Bryce stepped in as moderator of the learned contention, and suggested a board of referees, with Dr. Kennedy Baillie, translator of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and editor of "Homer," as president, flanked with Dr. Hincks and various other erudites of the north. Such is the present state of this famous question, which is likely to restore to Belfast its ancient boast of "the modern Athens," if not by giving birth to a new age of Pericles, at least by fostering as pretty a spirit of disputatiousness as ever reigned among the sophists and demagogues of "the fierce democracy."

#### ANÆSTHETIC AGENTS.—CHLOROFORM.

THE performance of surgical operations upon patients in a state of anæsthesia, or insensibility to pain, has become so frequent a practice, that every improvement in the manner of inducing such a condition with certainty and safety may be regarded as of more than professional interest. The public, after all, supply the subject-matter for each new experiment. Within the last few weeks, Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has added another agent to the few already in use, which appears likely to supersede its predecessors altogether. This is the perchloride of formyle, or chloroform. It has many advantages over sulphuric ether. A much less quantity will produce the desired effect, from ten to twenty inspirations being generally sufficient. No apparatus for inhalation is required, a small hollow sponge, or a handkerchief, answering the purpose. Chloroform is also said to be more complete and persistent in its action, to cause no irritation, and to leave behind less depression than ether.

As yet but little is known respecting the true operation of anæsthetic compounds; and, according to Dr. Simpson, a review of the elementary composition of the three in use affords "no apparent clue to the explanation of their anæsthetic properties." The following table will shew his ground for this assertion. The constituents of nitrous oxide (or laughing-gas), sulphuric ether, and chloroform, are given in atoms; and the extreme difference of composition cannot fail to strike even the unscientific reader at once. We have added, however, a fourth agent, which we think claims to be considered as anæsthetic to no small extent.

	Nitrogen.	Oxygen.	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Chlorine.
Nitrous oxide	1	1	—	—	—
Ether . . .	—	1	4	5	—
Chloroform .	—	—	2	1	3
Alcohol . .	—	2	4	6	—

Now, insensibility to pain may accompany two states of the nervous system, viz. a state of unnatural excitement, and a state of unnatural lethargy. People who are intoxicated constantly cut and bruise themselves without feeling the injury in the least; indeed, we believe that some of the greater operations of surgery have been performed on patients in such a state without producing any manifestation of suffering. It is, besides, a matter of notoriety that severe wounds are received in the heat of battle which remain for a considerable period unknown to the unfortunate soldier; and that lunatics, in their paroxysms, will mangle themselves as if their bodies were utterly without sensation.

Whatever will produce a large amount of nervous excitement will, we think, be found to act in its degree as an anæsthetic; and not only so, but that every agent which will produce a large amount of nervous relaxation will also in its degree act in a manner precisely similar. It does not seem by any means a necessary condition that the administration of such agents should be by inhalation, so that the investigations of chemists should include the anæsthetic operation of substances taken into the body in other shapes than those of gas or vapour.

For our own part, we would suggest that the phenomena resulting from the compounds given in the table may be explained by the action of two of their constituents, oxygen and carbon; the first producing anæsthesia of excitement, the second anæsthesia of lethargy. Oxygen, the action of which is strongly excitant, exists in three of these compounds; but in two of them it is combined with carbon, which acts, we take it, as the lethargic principle. The presence, therefore, of oxygen in sulphuric ether may occasion the state of nervous irritation which so frequently accompanies its first inhalation, before the lethargic influence of the carbon is complete. May not the larger proportion contained in alcohol explain the corresponding phenomena of intoxication?

In chloroform we have a large proportion of carbon, and no oxygen, from which fact we would infer a lethargic action unmixed with excitement; and such appears to be the result of its proper exhibition. The limits of a periodical forbid us to enter on the wide field of philosophical inquiry thus opened before us; but we trust that every inch of it will be explored by the able chemists of the day. The cry of quackery is easily raised; it is as ready to the lips of the ignorant pretender as to those of the prejudiced physician; but the object sought in the present instance is too important to be lightly abandoned, after so fair a share of success as has already rewarded the labours of science. "When Soubeiran, Liebig, and Dumas engaged, a few years back, in those inquiries and experiments by which the formation and composition of chloroform was first discovered, their sole and only object was the investigation of a point in philosophical chemistry. They laboured for the pure love and extension of knowledge. They had no idea that the substance to which they called the attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any practical purpose, or that it possessed any physiological or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy." We are quoting the words of Dr. Simpson, who is shewing the folly of the *cui bono* argument against philosophical investigations. "Here, then," he con-

tinues, "we have a substance which in the first instance was merely interesting as a matter of scientific curiosity and research, becoming rapidly an object of intense importance, as an agent by which human suffering and agony may be annulled and abolished, under some of the most trying circumstances in which human nature is ever placed."

#### THE MEEKNESS OF CONTROVERSY.

ARCHDEACON HARE has written a letter to the Dean of Chichester, in which he speaks of the character and conduct of Dr. Hampden's opponents in the following gentle terms:

P. 2. Thousands have rushed forward with blind reckless impetuosity to do what they could to condemn and crush a brother.

P. 3. Ill-qualified judges; blind following the blind.

P. 9. Agitated with very little, and often, I am afraid, with no cognizance of any reasonable ground for their agitation.

P. 15. They rush blindfold to hunt down a heretic.

P. 16. Theological weathercocks.

P. 20. No ordinary effrontery.

P. 23. Clamour; ignorance.

P. 24. Inaccuracy; falsehood.

P. 28. Falsehoods.

P. 32. Guilt of his accusers; imposition.

P. 34. Dishonest.

P. 36. Sinful offences against moral truth.

P. 40. Extractor, or rather detractor.

P. 41. Garbled evidence; run a risk of the pillory; disregard of truth.

P. 44. Envenomed ferocity of some of Dr. Hampden's enemies.

P. 50. Perfidious citation.

P. 53. Perversion.

P. 54. Logical juggling.

P. 55. The detractor conjures up.

P. 59. Such a collection of fraudulent misrepresentation; untying one knot of falsehood after another.

P. 60. Such gross misrepresentations; garbled and distorted evidence.

JUSTICE TO DR. SELWYN.—Since the debate in the House of Commons about New Zealand, and the publication of Lord Grey's despatch, the papers have been a little busy with the character and the "Papal Bulls" of this very estimable prelate. Nobody, however, has come to his rescue in a point in which his reputation has just been sorely wounded. The newspapers have been quoting from the "Family Jo Miller," a certain saying of Sidney Smith's to the missionary bishop; but no one tells the bishop's rejoinder to the witty and impertinent canon of St. Paul's. The story is told thus:—Before the Bishop of New Zealand departed, Sidney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. "You will find," he said, "in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the *flesh*; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard." In shaking hands with the new prelate as he was leaving the house, the reverend wit added, "Good-bye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope that you may thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you." In "justice to Dr. Selwyn," let his retort be added:—"Good-bye, Mr. Canon; *you*, at any rate, have enough to do with *roasting bishops* at home."

#### THE ALLOCATION OF POPE PIUS IX.

To the Editor of the "Rambler."

SIR,—I send a translation of the Pope's "Allocution," if you think its insertion desirable in the *Rambler*.

Faithfully yours, A.

THE ALLOCATION OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX., DELIVERED IN SECRET CONSISTORY ON THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1847.

[Translated from the Latin.]

VENERABLE BRETHREN,—No sooner had we (assuredly through no merits of our own, but by the inscrutable judgment of God) been placed in this Chair of the Chief of the Apostles, and undertaken the direction of affairs in the Catholic Church, than we turned the attention of our Apostolic solicitude upon Spain, as you, Venerable Brethren, are well aware. And considering, with inmost grief of our heart, the very heavy losses with which, through untoward reverses, that great and illustrious portion of the Lord's flock was oppressed, we ceased not, with frequent and earnest prayers, humbly to entreat our God, who is rich in mercy, that he would deign to afford succour to those afflicted Churches, and to rescue them from the

miserable state in which they were placed. And, as was justly due from our Apostolic ministry, and from our peculiar feelings of paternal regard towards that renowned nation, nothing was more anxiously desired by us than the settlement therein of the concerns of our most holy religion. And whereas our predecessor, Gregory XVI., of happy memory, had commenced the work of supplying with pastors of their own, certain dioceses of that kingdom situate in diverse separate regions across the sea; we directed our especial care in order that we might assign to several other vacant continental churches of the same kingdom new prelates worthy of that dignity, and so might accomplish that which our predecessor, being prevented by death, had been unable to carry fully into effect. For which reasons we sent into Spain our Venerable Brother, John Archbishop of Thessalonica, a man distinguished for integrity, learning, discretion, and experience in business, with our letters to our dearest daughter in Christ, Maria Elizabeth, Catholic Queen, and all suitable faculties and instructions, that he might with all care execute whatever should conduce to healing the wounds of Israel, and promoting the good of the Catholic religion, and likewise might, among other matters, secure the consignment of the destitute churches in those parts to competent pastors. And, accordingly, it hath already come to pass (the most merciful God favouring our desires and endeavours) that we have been enabled, as you are aware, to establish some prelates in those parts, to the great consolation of our mind; as likewise to commit, for the present, many other cathedral and metropolitan churches of Spain to the canonical government and care of their own pastors, after they had long remained vacant. So that herein we have not been wanting in promoting the glory of the Divine Majesty, the good of the Catholic religion, and the spiritual advantage of those our beloved sheep. Nor doubt we that such will be the result, having learned, both from the communications of the aforesaid Venerable Brother and also from the documents most carefully drawn up by himself, that the persons appointed to the government and superintendence of the dioceses are well and duly qualified for the effectual discharge of the pastoral office. And we are full of hope that we may be able forthwith to provide for the desolate condition of other churches of that kingdom; and that, since affairs are now taking a favourable turn, and Her Catholic Majesty has shewn a good disposition in advancing the various concerns of religion, whereunto the same Venerable Brother, our delegate, is most earnestly applying himself, our counsels and measures may, by the goodness of God, be brought to a successful accomplishment.

There is likewise another vast country under the government of another great potentate, in which the affairs of the Catholic religion, afflicted by long and severe calamities, had engaged the attention of our venerated predecessor during many years, and have equally claimed our especial regard. We could have wished to certify you, on this very occasion, of the success which in part, at least, we had good reason to believe had crowned these our measures. Nor are there wanting certain writers of periodical journals, who have asserted that this very matter has been happily arranged. Nevertheless, we are as yet unable to announce to you any thing more than a firm hope by which we are sustained, that the omnipotent and merciful God will favourably regard the children of his Church in these their great tribulations in that country, and will bless our anxious endeavours to place the Catholic religion on a better footing.

We now further communicate to you, Venerable Brethren, the great surprise and astonishment with which our heart was filled on receiving a printed essay, written by a certain dignitary of the Church. For this author, speaking in his work concerning certain doctrines, which he calls the traditions of the churches of his country, and by which it is intended to circumscribe and encroach upon the rights of this Apostolic See, hath not hesitated to assert, that these very traditions are held in estimation by ourselves. Far be it from us, Venerable Brethren, ever to have thought of departing in the least degree from the institutions of our ancestors, or of failing to preserve whole and inviolate the authority of this Holy See. We have indeed in our regard certain peculiar traditions, yet those only which are not at variance with the sense of the Universal Church; but especially do we reverence and most firmly maintain those which plainly coincide with the tradition of other churches, and especially with this, the holy Roman Church. For "to this," to use the words of St. Irenæus, "on account of its superior dignity, it is necessary that every church should resort, that is, the faithful in all the world, since in it hath been preserved the tradition of the Apostles by universal consent."

But there is another matter which greatly distresses and afflicts our mind. Assuredly it is not unknown to you, Venerable Brethren, that many enemies of Catholic truth are in these

\* S. Iren. contra Hæreses, lib. iii. cap. 3. "Ad hanc propter potioris principalitatem necesse est omnem convenire Ecclesiam, hoc est, eos qui sunt undique fideles, in qua semper ab his, qui sunt undique, conservata est ea, quæ est ab Apostolis traditio."

times especially endeavouring to make any monstrous opinions of equal weight with the doctrine of Christ, or at least to confound it with them, and so more and more to propagate that impious system of theirs, which affirms that there is no essential difference between this or that profession of religion. And very likely (we shudder to speak it) some have been found so far to insult our name and Apostolic dignity as boldly to represent us as the partisans of their folly, and as favouring the aforesaid abominable theory. For, from certain measures, assuredly not inconsistent with the sanctity of the Catholic religion, which we graciously thought fit to carry into effect in some matters pertaining to the civil government of our Pontifical dominions, with a view to promote the public welfare and prosperity, and likewise from the pardon benignly granted at the commencement of our Pontificate to certain persons of the same dominions, these detractors have wished to infer, that we entertain such benevolent feelings for all kinds of men, as to think that not only the children of the Church, but also the rest, however they may remain apart from Catholic unity, are equally in the way of salvation, and can attain to everlasting life. Words are wanting to us, from very horror, for expressing our detestation of this novel and atrocious injustice against ourselves. We love, in truth, with the innermost affection of our heart, all mankind; yet not otherwise than in the love of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save that which had been lost; who died for all; who wills that all should be saved, and should attain to the knowledge of the truth; who sent forth his Apostles into the whole world to preach the Gospel to every creature, declaring that such as believed and were baptised should be saved, but that those who believed not should be condemned. Let those, therefore, who would be saved, come to the pillar and ground of the Truth, which is the Church; let them come to the true Church of Christ, which in its Bishops, and in the head of all, the Roman Pontiff, hath the succession of Apostolic authority at no time broken off; which hath never held any thing of more importance than to preach, and by every means preserve and maintain, the doctrine delivered by the Apostles from the commands of Christ; which, from the time of the Apostles, hath grown and increased amidst difficulties of every kind, and in all the world renowned for the splendour of its miracles, by the blood of martyrs, ennobled by the virtues of confessors and virgins, confirmed by the most learned testimonies and writings of the Fathers, hath flourished and still flourishes in every land, and shines conspicuous in the perfect unity of faith, of sacraments, and of divine government. We who, though unworthy, preside in this supreme Chair of the Apostle Peter, in which our Lord Christ placed the foundation of this his Church, will never spare pains and labour to bring into the only way of truth and safety, by the grace of God, those who are ignorant and walk in error. Let our adversaries consider, that heaven and earth shall pass away, but that nothing can ever be lost of the words of Christ; that no change can ever be made in the teaching which the Universal Church hath received from Christ, to be kept, maintained, and preached.

After these matters, Venerable Brethren, we cannot but speak of the bitterness of grief by which we have been afflicted, when, a few days ago, in this our favoured city, the stronghold and centre of the Catholic faith, some few persons, or rather madmen, were found, who, casting away the very feelings of humanity, in spite of the outcry and indignation of other citizens, had no compunction in publicly and openly triumphing in that most deplorable civil war which has lately broken out among the Swiss. Which fatal war we do in our inmost heart bewail, not only on account of the blood of that nation which has been shed, the slaughter of brethren, and the fierce, long-continued, melancholy discord, hatred, and estrangement, which are wont especially to redound upon the people from civil wars; but also from the blow which we learn has been thereby struck against Catholicity, and which we fear will be repeated, as well as from the sad acts of sacrilege committed at the first encounter, which our mind shrinks from speaking of.

But while we bewail these events, we render our most humble thanks to the God of all consolation, who in the multitude of his mercy fails not to console us in all our tribulation. For amidst such great trials we assuredly derive no small comfort from the successes of the sacred missions, and the strenuous labours of the evangelical ministers, who, being inflamed with Apostolic zeal, and contemning with invincible constancy every danger and difficulty, still continue, in the remotest regions of the world, to bring over nations from the darkness of error and barbarity of life to the light of Catholic truth, the practice of virtue and civilisation, and to contend boldly for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Moreover, we are cheered by the pious and noble conduct of Catholics in various parts, who, powerfully seconding our wishes, have not relaxed their tributes of important aid to the afflicted Irish, and who, both by donations remitted to us, and also by assiduous prayers to God, have continued to confer all the aid

in their power, to the end that the most holy faith of Christ and his teaching may be more and more propagated throughout every land and nation, with a prosperous and happy progress. Which excellent works, worthy as they are of all praise, while we most gratefully acknowledge and attest, we humbly beg of God, the most bountiful Giver of all good, that He will repay his Faithful a rich reward for them in the world to come.

Ye have heard, Venerable Brethren, the matters which we thought fit to lay before you this day. And whereas we have determined to make public this our Allocation, on the present occasion, we direct our discourse to other Venerable Brethren in like manner, to wit, the Patriarchs of the Catholic world in general, the Archbishops and Bishops, with all earnestness of heart; and we beseech all and every one of them, and exhort them in the Lord, that being united among themselves in firm concord and affection, and devoted to Us and this Chair of Peter by the closest bond of fidelity and allegiance, they may be perfect in the same feelings and the same sentiments; and that, placing all human considerations secondary to the great end before them, and having God alone ever in sight, and imploring his assistance by constant and fervent prayers, they may remit nothing in their diligence and labour to fight the battles of the Lord with episcopal fortitude, constancy, and prudence. Let them ever, with still greater zeal and readiness, turn away the beloved sheep committed to their care from poisonous pastures, and drive them into salutary places. Let them never permit them to be led astray by various and strange doctrines, but strenuously defend them from the rapacious attacks of the lurking wolf; let them bring back those that have wandered, into the path of truth and justice in all goodness, patience, and sound teaching; that they also, by the Divine favour, may flock together to unity of faith and knowledge of the Son of God, and so be made with us One Fold and One Shepherd.

### Correspondence.

A CORRESPONDENT (D. Q.) writes in reference to the work on Pius IX., noticed in our first number, that the translator has committed various errors in "the titles of the dignitaries of the Roman Court. Thus we have him speaking of a 'Cardinal Archbishop.' There is no such thing. Many Cardinals are Archbishops: but all the world knows that there are only three degrees of Cardinals, viz. Cardinal *Deacons*, Cardinal *Priests*, and Cardinal *Bishops*; and it does not at all follow that because a Cardinal happens to be an Archbishop, he must be called 'Cardinal Archbishop.' When Pius IX. was a Cardinal, he was an Archbishop, but he ranked only as *Cardinal Priest*. And others are so ranked at this moment, as Cardinal Patrizi, Cardinal Asquini, &c. Then, again, he confuses the title *Cardinal Deacon* with *Cardinal Dean*. The first Cardinal Bishop is Dean of the Sacred College, and no one else in it is named *Dean*; and it is incorrect to say, as at p. 72, 'the oldest Cardinal Dean is chief of the Order of Deacons;' again, at p. 82, 'and lastly the Cardinal Deans;' and in many other passages in the book. Then, again, he translates the French 'Abbe' by 'the Abbot,' where it should evidently be 'priest.'"

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THIS ASSOCIATION being now completely organised, and in a position to commence its operations, with a view of obtaining for Catholics a redress of those grievances of which they have had so long to complain, the General Committee most earnestly entreat the interest and pecuniary support of all their brethren, the Catholics of the United Kingdom.

As long as a vestige remains of penal laws, framed with the object of preventing the full development of our holy religion in this country:—

As long as Catholic soldiers and sailors, and our Blessed Lord's own peculiar flock—the Catholic poor of this country—remain unsupplied with the means of religious instruction:—

As long as the unfortunate Catholic inmates of public lunatic asylums and prisons remain (so far as Government is concerned) without the assistance of chaplains of their own holy faith:—

As long as the Prime Minister of this country shall openly refuse to Catholics a fair share of such grants for public education as are voted by Parliament, and in part (at least) derived from the taxation of her Majesty's Catholic subjects:—

So long the Committee of the Association of St. Thomas of Canterbury pledge themselves to continue without intermission their most strenuous exertions for the redress of these grievances, and for the complete vindication of all Catholic rights.

In return for their exertions, they expect from Catholics generally that liberal support which the noble cause in which they are engaged so strongly demands.

Donations and Subscriptions to be addressed to the Treasurer,  
W. P. AMHERST, Esq.

A 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, London.

Applications for the Rules of the Association to be made to David Lewis, Esq., Hon. Secretary, at the same address.

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